

FEBRUARY, 1923

THE SIGN

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Catholics and The Presidency

Father Harold Purcell, C.P.

Hildebrand of the Cross - - John Ayscough

Penitent, Apostle and Founder

Gabriel Francis Powers

Women and Industry - - Rev. R. A. McGowan

With The Passionists in China

With
Our Junior
SIGN-ERS

The Appeal of
Jesus
Crucified



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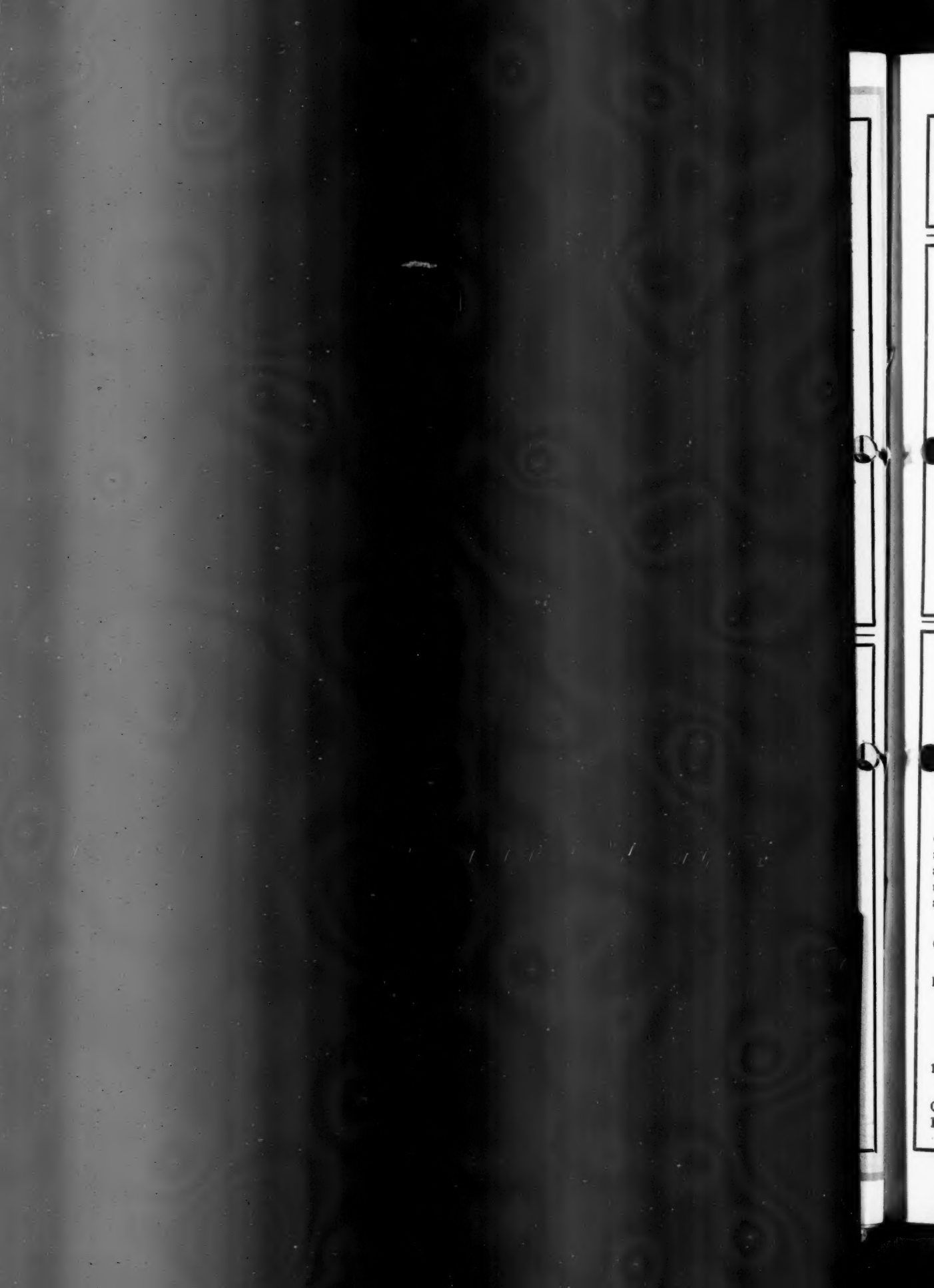
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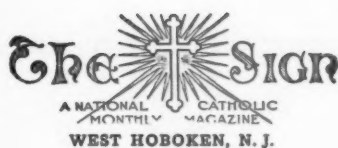
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For Your Benefit and Ours

To the Readers of THE SIGN.

My Dear Friends:

With this issue we introduce a new department into our magazine. It is called THE WHAT-NOT. See page 277.

We are convinced that it will prove an attractive feature of THE SIGN. We hope it will benefit you. We know it will benefit us.

This department is not a Question-Box, though in it we shall be glad to answer any questions you may ask about the history, teachings and doctrines of the Catholic Religion. Send in your questions.

Neither is it a Correspondence-Corner, though in it we shall publish any letters of general interest to our Readers. Let's hear from you.

Nor again is it a Forum, but you can discuss in it with your fellow Readers public matters that concern Catholics. Your lay editorials shall be welcome.

THE WHAT-NOT is Forum, Correspondence-Corner, Question-Box, and something besides.

It is the common ground where the Reader and Editor meet, and the Reader has a chance to talk to the Editor.

What the Editor wants you (the reader) to talk about is THE SIGN. He is striving to better it and he asks your help.

Tell him what you think about it. (He is prepared for brickbats as well as bouquets.) What part do you like the most? What part don't you like?

What means would you suggest for its improvement and circulation?

Are you interested in foreign missions? What can we do to help the missionaries and bring Christ Crucified to the poor Chinese?

THE WHAT-NOT will carry what others think of these and similar matters. It will carry what you think. What do you think. Let's know.

Faithfully yours in Christ,

Father Harold Purcell, C.P.

The Sign

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. II.

FEBRUARY, 1923

No. 7

Current Fact and Comment

Lent and the Passion

WHAT does Lent mean to you; Six weeks, dragging their weary length along, with restrictions on your appetite and on your usual amusements? There is a more worthy, attractive and profitable way of approaching it and one attended with the usual benefits of complying with duty from a motive of the love of God.

For you Lent should be associated primarily with the Passion of Our Lord. You will discover that the Cross is the most significant thing in this world and the most momentous for you. You should curtail worldly distractions at this time chiefly to leave your mind more keen and receptive concerning the Savior's motives in all that He endured from the fearful vision at Gethsemane to the cruel immolation on Calvary.

You are amazed at the martyrs, tender in years, frail in body, with cheerful and undaunted courage confounding their executioners. You envy the great contemplatives consumed with such love of God that they were obliged to beg that He lessen the ardor of it. It is to be presumed that you crave the possession of such love and courage for yourself, knowing that thus armed you could easily resist temptation and that there would be no more wavering in your choice between good and evil. You can acquire that love and courage where the saints and martyrs acquired them: through devout meditation on the Passion of Jesus Christ.

During Lent, then, employ yourself by your private devotions, your thoughtful and fervent as-

sistance at Holy Mass and the Lenten services, and your attentive hearing of the word of God, in the pursuit of the knowledge of the Passion of Christ. The surprising revelation of Christ's love will stimulate you also to joy and generosity in His service.

Compromising with Marriage Laws

IN the long run we are always compensated for the hardships attending faithful compliance with the law. Perhaps no laws entail graver hardships than those designed to protect and stabilize the marriage bond. The Church, standing for the divine command regarding indissolubility, yet herself a witness of the incompatibilities that frequently develop, has sanctioned legislation comprehensive enough to discover betimes those incompatibilities in all their moral and physical phases. Compliance with these laws may frequently entail sacrifice and hardship but it is not the only instance in life where it pays to make the right choice between the impetuous cravings of passion and the warnings of experience and calm reason. It is not edifying to hear the Anglican Bishop of Durham referring to these laws as "the ignorant dogmatizing of medieval casuists and divines who knew nothing of our circumstances and who were dominated by errors which have long been abandoned by reasonable and educated people." Not content with attributing ignorance to mortals, this pretender to the Apostolic succession makes the blasphemous claim that our Lord Himself in His teaching on marriage had no fore-

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knowledge of the developments that have occurred in the society of our day. With her bishops still temporizing and compromising in favor of lax society we are reminded of the peculiar circumstances that gave the Anglican Church her separate existence. The same authority that resisted an adulterous king is still present in the world, fearless in its defense of the divine law and unwavering in its solicitude for the real welfare of society.

Starting the Boys Right

IT is of vital importance that our Catholic colleges thrive and multiply and that they yield their steady increase to the intellectual field and the professions. But to the boy whom various circumstances prevent from going on to a professional career an attractive alternative now presents itself—the choice of one of the numerous building and mechanical trades. Such a choice depends largely on the influence of parents. Provident parents, anxious that their boys avoid drifting into “dud” vocations, will find inspiration in a circular letter issued by the National Trade Extension Bureau:

“The world’s work must be done. In recent years there has been a tendency on the part of society to be uninterested in the overall phases of life. The direct result of this attitude is that fewer boys have entered the skilled trades, and at present there is a serious shortage of competent skilled workmen in the building trades. An antipathy to donning overalls seems to be the chief reason.

“Our system of education is also somewhat to blame, as it places over-emphasis on the professions as distinguished from the trades. Many a young boy is thus doomed to failure in a profession who might have become highly useful in the honorable field of mechanics.

“We believe that the trouble is mostly in the home and with the attitude of society in general. Parents have no reason to inveigh against the high cost of building, with the resultant high rent for residential purposes, and against the high cost of merchandise, caused in a great degree by the high rents for business premises, if they fail to inspire an ambition in the boys of mechanical inclination to learn a trade.

“Each of us owes a duty to future generations that the knowledge and skill handed down to us through the centuries be not lost. Building must go on. There must be skilled craftsmen to carry on the work.

“Boys of mechanical inclination should be urged to consider the possibilities of the building trades, particularly the plumbing and heating trades—trades that need skilled men, trades that offer the four essentials of a

good vocation: Adequate income, joy in work, opportunity for growth, and last but not least, a chance to serve.”

Guessing and Resolving

THE accuracy of statement and moderation of claim calculated to beget esteem for any scientific individual or association are not characteristic of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. The Council of that body in passing resolutions favoring the theory of evolution makes such amazing assertions and audacious claims as: “There is *no ground whatever* for the assertion that the scientific evidences of the evolution [of man] are a mere ‘guess.’” “No scientific generalization is *more strongly* supported by evidence.” “The evidences in favor of the evolution of man are sufficient to convince *every* scientist of *note*.” “The theory of evolution is one of the *most potent* of the great influences for *good* that have thus far entered into human experience.” Also, inevitably, the right to inoculate the rising generation is asserted: “Any legislation attempting to *limit* the teaching of a scientific doctrine *so well established* and *so widely accepted* would be a profound mistake.” Such superlative and general terms are not employed by the ordinary scientist unless he is unduly peeved or excited. We should recall that the chief evidence for the evolutionary theory as applied to man rests on the very much disputed significance of a few ancient bones. That all that the cubic miles of geological strata have yielded to their sinister search. We should rather expect geology to teem with evidences of the supposed transition. As Mr. Chesterton remarks, “There is nothing to be said against a mare’s nest and the missing link except that they are not there. There is nothing to be said against the missing link except that it is missing . . . The critics of Darwin have shown, I think, that it is not the link that is missing, but the chain.”

An Opportune Prayer

THOSE familiar with the life of St. Paul of the Cross will recall his predilection for England and the evidences that he was, from a youth, divinely enlightened as to this country’s spiritual needs and destiny. “Whenever I begin to pray,”

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he once said, "this kingdom presents itself to my mind, and it is now fifty years since I began to pray unceasingly for the conversion of England to the faith of its fathers." It is known only in Heaven how great a measure of the marvelous fruits of conversion can be attributed to the apostleship of prayer instituted by St. Paul of the Cross. When young Paul Daneo began to pray for the conversion of England, Catholicism, through fierce persecution, had become little more than a memory in the land. At the latest elections twenty Catholics, with English patronyms, were chosen for the lower House of Parliament. As to the likelihood of conversion in mass, interest centers chiefly in the attitude of the Anglicans. We should be encouraged to pray that their very dissensions may lead them to seek rest and security under the stable authority of Holy Mother the Church. An indulgence is granted to the saying of one Hail Mary daily for the conversion of England. We may get some light on the Anglican attitude from the following reply of the Anglican *Church Times* to one who inquired what precisely the terminology, "essentials of Catholicism" implied:

"The Catholic Faith claims to be (1) the whole Faith with all its implications; (2) to be centered around the Mass. 'It is the Mass that matters.'

(3) The Catholic religion claims to be not only spiritual but supernatural. It has no necessary connection with a State or Parliament. It is not governed by the retired colonels and elderly spinsters of the parish councils . . . but by Catholic bishops and by Catholic synods. If need be it must be prepared to march out boldly from its churches and surrender its endowments, and thus to cast the chains of Herod from its limbs.

(4) It claims the practice of the seven Sacraments for all. It claims to restore the Blessed Company of Heaven to their proper place in the lives and devotions of English-speaking (1) people.

(5) Anglo-Catholics claim that the deformation of religion in the sixteenth century has been proved by history to be a failure . . .

(6) Anglo-Catholics claim that the conversion to Catholicism, which they rightly or wrongly hold to be the complete form of historical Christianity, is their grand object, . . . they regard the interference of Crown or Parliament with spiritual matters as the principle of anti-Christ.

(7) . . . (8) Anglo-Catholics acknowledge that the conversion of England from a respectable Anglicanism supported by the State and the *Spectator* is a task almost as formidable as the conversion of the Roman Empire by St. Paul and his successors. And yet they know that, by the blessing of God, it can be done."

The Wholesomeness of Fasting

ASIDE from the spiritual motive and merit of fasting much has been said in favor of the practice from a hygienic standpoint. There are dire warnings against over-indulgence in eating as the source of numerous diseases. These warnings apply especially to the use of meat. With very accurate chemical analyses at hand, dieticians claim that beyond a certain limit, rather restricted, meat becomes a poison to the human system and is the cause of serious disturbances. Therefore we should not take much credit to ourselves in complying with the laws of abstinence, and in seeking exemption from them on the plea of health we need not invariably expect approval from the medical authorities. Sydney Smith was convinced that digestion was the "great secret of life," and he continues:

"Character, virtue, talents and qualities are powerfully affected by beef, mutton, pie-crust, and rich soups. I have often thought that I could feed or starve men into virtues or vices, and affect them more powerfully with my instruments of torture than Timotheus could do formerly with his lyre."

Pliny records that the gladiators ate only barley bread, and hence were called *Hordearii*.

The rules of some religious orders forbid the use of meat all year 'round. This includes not only the contemplative orders but also those engaged in exhaustive manual labors. In the fourteenth century Pope Urban became solicitous about the austerities of the Carthusian rule, and, against the wishes of the fervent monks, resolved to abolish their restrictions against flesh meats. The Carthusians having pleaded in vain with many other arguments, finally sent a deputation of twenty-five hale old men whose ages ranged from eighty to near upon a hundred. This argument prevailed.

Your Employer's Confidence

WE have frequently heard that Catholic employees have been preferred because of their honesty. It would be flattering to know that experience justifies employers generally in this preference. Circumspect employers at least know that Catholics are taught to look upon the smallest theft as a venial sin, and the taking of a grave

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amount, either at once or by steady accumulation, as a mortal sin, and that the supernatural motive is particularly stressed with them over and above the appeal to natural virtue. A correspondent of the *London Tablet* reveals how fidelity in service was rewarded by America's most distinguished merchant, and how simple Catholic piety was appreciated by him.

"Breakfasting with Mr. Wanamaker and Mr. Henner Heaton, I smoked a cigarette, and as the curly column of incense arose, Mr. Wanamaker watched it, and said it recalled an American poem called "The Old Sweetheart"—if I didn't know it he would mail me a copy when he got home—which indeed he remembered to do. The allusion awakened other memories, and from his breastcoat pocket he produced a photograph of a charming lady—his own absent wife. As he handed it across, a small Sacred Heart picture, accidentally brought out with it, fell on the table, only to be quickly covered and reclaimed by its owner.

"Left alone together, Mr. Wanamaker said to me that I must have been greatly surprised to see that 'holy picture' in his possession. I said, 'No, not surprised, only edified.' 'Ah,' he said, 'I did not know what they would think of it in America,' where he had a different sort of reputation, and a vast Sunday-school which had got him trouble sometimes with Catholics. Then he explained that one day a very humble young Irish girl in his employ had waited for him in the street, and had said to him: 'Mr. Wanamaker, I am praying for your conversion, and will you kindly carry this blessed picture about with you wherever you go?' 'As long as I live, my dear,' was his reply. So there it now was in his pocket, and I could know. Three or four years passed and Mr. Wanamaker came again to London, and, at a luncheon party I, no doubt tactlessly, asked him if he still had his holy picture. 'What holy picture?' he exclaimed, and the subject was not pursued. Afterwards he took me aside, asking me what I meant. I explained and he said, Well, he didn't think he had told the story to anyone. Then he brought out a pocketbook and showed me the same picture, a little the worse for wear. I asked after the giver, and begged him to give her my love. 'You take a great interest in her?' he said. I admitted as much. 'Well,' he said, 'when she gave me that card she was an assistant in the basement at perhaps three or four dollars a week. Now she is the third woman in my employ, with two or three thousand dollars a year, and (this with an emphasis that no italics can express) *worth any three Protestants that ever lived.*"

Senator Walsh's Sane Views

IT was regrettable that Senator Walsh had only a limited though very enthusiastic audience when he recently addressed the Holy Name men of St. Brendan's parish in the Bronx.

For he had a message ringing with pure patriotism, a theme abounding in sane counsel and an appeal whose emotion sprang from evident conviction and irresistibly imparted it. The millions of our citizens who are apprehensive of present political tendencies would have marveled had they heard the country's ills frankly examined and practical remedies proposed from the Senator's fine Catholic viewpoint. And the many who are confused by the claims of the present propaganda of bigotry would have been enlightened and reassured had they heard his sublime appeal for unselfishness in the country's service.

"The real test of fellow-citizenship is this, in the last analysis: Not what we receive, not what we take in, not the honors we accumulate, not the pleasures we gather, not the possessions we grasp, but the last and only test of manhood and womanhood is the measure of what a man or woman gives to his fellowman. I put one test from my experience in life. I put it to you men. What are you giving? It is the easiest thing in the world to possess. . . . But it takes a real man, it takes a follower of Christ, to be a giver. And the whole philosophy of life is the giving of love. Giving of money? No. Of possessions? No. Giving of love, sympathy, charity, justice. . . . I am going to ask you to be givers in your home, in your church, and I am going to ask you to be givers in your state. . . . Perhaps I can speak better to you when I ask you to be a giver in your state. There is much unrest in the country. There never was a time in the history of our country when there was a greater call and greater need of serious, sober consideration. We are in great need of leaders, sound-thinking men, men with good will and mutual understanding in their hearts. How are we to meet the unrest in this country growing out of the belief that our personal liberties are being taken from us stealthily but gradually? When a government begins by law to attempt to regulate what you eat and drink, what you wear, how many children you shall have, what schools your children shall go to, . . . it is no longer a democracy, it is an autocracy. . . . We find organized bands of men and women with a propaganda of hate and anger seeking to divert the attention of our government and of our people from the solution of these problems and trying to attack the very vitals of the Constitution itself, trying to tear down the most sacred heritage that we Americans enjoy, the right to worship God as we see fit, and the equality of opportunity for all. . . .

"Have I shown the need of givers? Have I shown the need of men of heart, of sympathy? Of love for America and the great common people of America? Have I shown the need of courage and justice and of the application of the great minds of our day to the solution of these all-important problems? . . . You, too, have a responsibility to be a giver and a sharer in finding the solution of these grave problems."

Catholics and the Presidency

FATHER HAROLD PURCELL, C. P.

IN the last election in New York the voters by an overwhelming majority of more than 400,000 votes chose Mr. Alfred E. Smith for the office of Governor.

This is the second time that the people of New York have chosen him to fill that high position. Two years ago he was defeated for the office by Mr. Nathan Miller, who was carried into office by the Republican landslide which characterized the latest presidential-year elections.

Even in that defeat the personal popularity and executive ability of Mr. Smith was testified to by the fact that he ran very much ahead of his ticket. His re-election as Governor by so spectacular a majority strikingly demonstrates the people's estimate of his worth. As his opponent, Mr. Miller, wrote in a very manly note of congratulation: "The voters have had a trial of your brand of government and of mine. Evidently they prefer yours."

Any man who has been twice elected to the governorship of the Empire State is rightly looked upon as presidential timber. Already Mr. Smith has loomed large and been hailed in many quarters as the logical Democratic nominee for President in 1924.

What are his qualifications and chances for the presidency, it is not for us to say. We are not here concerned with personalities and their prospects. We mention Mr. Smith simply because he is a Catholic and a professed Catholic at that. And because he is a Catholic many of his most ardent admirers and active supporters have expressed the fear that in spite of what they consider his eminent fitness for the presidency, his religious affiliation would inevitably prevent his being elected. All of which brings us to the subject matter of this article.

In their lecture courses addressed to non-Catholics, priests are frequently asked: "Why has a Catholic never been President of the United States?" "Because a Catholic has never been elected," is the obvious answer. But this answer does not satisfy the questioners. To them the question implies something deeper and far more mysterious than a mere matter of votes. They seem to

be under the impression that there is some law or other, some original enactment of the Constitution or amendment thereto, or, at least, some unwritten custom which prohibits a member of the Catholic Church from holding the highest office in the land. Yet there is no such law, enactment, amendment or custom. The simple explanation is the true explanation. It is all a matter of votes.

Catholics have held high positions of political trust in both State and federal governments. Only the other day Mr. Pierce Butler, a Catholic, was appointed by President Harding to succeed Mr. William R. Day as a member of the United States Supreme Court. Of the ten Chief Justices of the Supreme Court two have been Catholics—Roger B. Taney of Maryland and Edward D. White of Louisiana. These men were shining honors to their country and their church. Neither had to cloak his religion in order to attain to his exalted and responsible position.

It is well to remark that these men were *appointed* and not *elected*. It is quite probable that had their holding this important office depended upon election by popular suffrage they would never have held it. The Presidents who appointed them were Americans who believed in right and fair-play, who knew the letter of our Constitution and were guided by its spirit. Their vision was not obscured by the mist of party politics and religious prejudice. They acted conscientiously for what they honestly thought the best interests of the Country and did not trouble themselves about the religious profession of the appointees. They believed in, acted upon and upheld that third section of the sixth article of the Constitution which is directed against the dragging of religion into politics: "No religious test shall ever be required as a qualification in any office or public trust under the United States."

THE principle behind these words was enunciated by the late Theodore Roosevelt in the statement he made to the American public on the occasion of the candidacy of Mr. Taft to succeed him in the White House. It had been reported that many would not vote for Mr. Taft for no other rea-

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son than that he professed the Unitarian religion. Mr. Roosevelt pointed out that such an attitude toward a candidate was unworthy of an American citizen and that to make religion or the lack of religion an issue in the nomination or election of a man to any office of public trust was directly in conflict with the whole spirit and explicit legislation of the Constitution.

WOULD a similar statement, coming even from the great Roosevelt, have an equally favorable effect in the case of a Catholic candidate for the presidency? I should like to think so: but I fear it would not.

Election to office is a matter of votes. But behind the vote is the voter. It is late in the day to say that there are many voters who are incapable of casting an intelligent vote. There are many others who are swayed in their voting by partisan considerations, personal likes and dislikes. These two classes of voters are an obstacle to every candidate. In the case of a Catholic candidate running for President other difficulties would have to be faced. Chief

among these are inherited prejudice and commercialized bigotry.

This inherited prejudice is the legitimate result of the religious intolerance which blotches some of the earliest pages of our colonial history. The early settlers had fled from England to escape persecution there and to enjoy in the new country the free exercise of their religious belief and practice. But, unfortunately, they brought with them the spirit and tradition of religious intolerance. They were fanatically fierce in proclaiming liberty of conscience and freedom of worship. They were fiercer

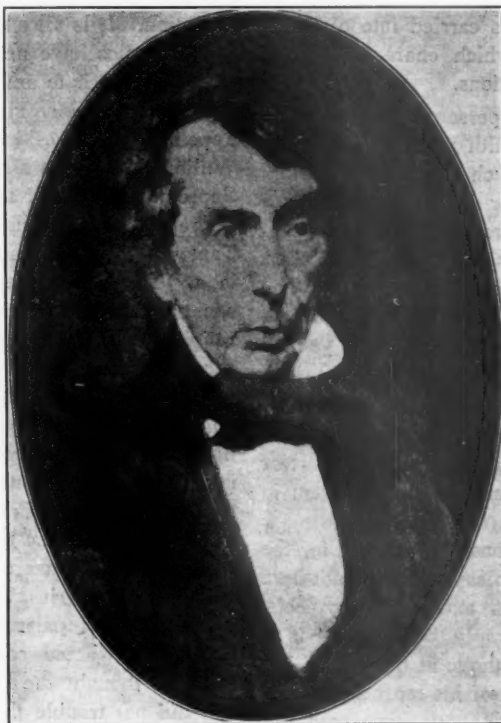
still in denying those same rights to others who differed from them. The various Protestant denominations were the victims of each other's intolerance; and of all of them can be said what Washington Irving wrote of the Puritans: "Having served a regular apprenticeship in persecution, it behooved them to show that they had become proficient in the art."

However much they warred amongst themselves, the Protestant sects were a unit in their treatment of Catholics, and that treatment was always along the lines of persecution. They were not satisfied with merely denying the Catholics the rights of citizenship. They hounded them, drove them out of the Colonies, imprisoned or even killed them.

When a sect became dominant it immediately identified itself with the local government. In Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Connecticut, Puritan Congregationalism was the established religion, recognized as such and supported from the taxes. Episcopalianism was established by law in

Virginia and the Carolinas. Attendance at Episcopalian services was compulsory in Virginia. Absence was punishable by fine. Catholics were not allowed to live in the Carolinas.

IN contrast with the narrowness of the Colonies controlled by the sects was the liberality of Maryland, founded by the Catholic Lord Calvert. It was the Land of Sanctuary. Here, for the first time in America, liberty of conscience ceased to be an empty phrase and represented a very tangible reality. The Calverts always insisted that civil and religious liberty should go hand in hand. In this



ROGER B. TANEY

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Commonwealth, Episcopalians, Puritans, Presbyterians and Jews sought and found refuge and protection.

WRITING of the religious situation in Maryland, Dr. Allen Sinclair Will, in his *Life of Cardinal Gibbons*, says:

"When the shadow of approaching Cromwellian domination darkened the outlook, the Colonial Assembly sought to preserve what it was possible to save out of the threatened wreck of the system by ordaining the Toleration Act of 1649, which safeguarded every Christian in the province from being 'in any ways troubled, molested, or discountenanced for or in respect of his or her religion or in the free exercise thereof.'

"This proved to be the off-spring of a vain hope, for one Protestant group after another wrested control of the province from the benignant Calverts of that early generation, replacing the Toleration Act with arbitrary statutes which disfranchised Catholics and condemned them to double taxation. Their equality of right was not restored until the American Revolution, but the wide meaning of their daring experiment in the genesis of the United States is hallowed to this day in the commonwealth they founded."

This "daring experiment" is unknown to many Americans. Not only are these unaware of the fact that Catholics were the first to establish freedom of worship and liberty of conscience in America, but they also harbor the conviction that the Catholic Church is necessarily opposed to liberty of any kind and that Catholics, therefore, profess a religion that is essentially antagonistic to American institutions.

The conviction, of course, is rooted in ignorance.

It is a pity that such ignorance should obtain in America in this twentieth century. It is a greater pity that the country is cursed with demagogues who coin this ignorance to their own political and financial benefit. As long as the ignorance continues there will not be wanting conscienceless tricksters to dupe its victims. Hence the regularly re-occurring surges of commercial bigotry that disgrace our country. We have had the Know-Nothings,

The American Protective Association, The Guardians of Liberty, and other organizations of the same ilk more limited in scope and operation. Today we have the infamous and vicious Ku Klux Klan. All these organizations have imposed on their dupes in the name of patriotism and civic welfare. The dupes are easily baited with the usual cries of "Americans Only," "100% Americanism," "The Pope Must Not Be The President," etc.

Unfortunately, even many fair-minded men of influence and position in the country, who know the sinister purposes of



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these howling dervishes of commercialized bigotry, have not the courage to expose them for fear of antagonizing them. When a man has the courage to denounce them he is cried down as a renegade American, or a Jesuit in disguise, or a secret agent of the Vatican.

MARK SULLIVAN, whose ability to diagnose a political situation is well known, states the case in these words: "The assumption that the nomination of a Catholic or a Jew would alienate considerable groups of prejudiced voters is held by politicians as an axiom even in normal times. And at

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the present time it is clear that the amount of prejudice, intolerance, group feeling, and group action in the country is not merely normal, but acute and unusual. In State after State, city after city, in this recent election—in all the communities where the Ku Klux Klan has made headway, and in other communities besides—the fact of being a Catholic or a Jew had results clearly measurable in the final count of votes.

"Everybody who discusses it privately regards it as particularly unfortunate that the element of religious prejudice should be taken into account in the case of so able a man and so strong a campaigner as Al. Smith. But most politicians do not allow their moral indignation to overcome practical considerations." (*Evening Post*, New York, Nov. 25, 1922.)

We are not here concerned, we repeat, with the political interests of any individual, no matter what may be his religious or political affiliations. We have used the prominence of Mr. Smith, his religion, and the talk of his prospects as a presidential candidate, simply as a peg on which to hang some remarks about Catholics and the Presidency.

The great obligation confronting all honest Americans today is to destroy utterly the blatant and rampant un-Americanism that waxes fat on religious and race prejudice, and to safeguard the civil and religious rights granted all by our Constitution.

These rights are now in danger, not so much from the pernicious activities of a deluded and fanatical minority, as they are from the apathetic indifference of the majority. Some recent state and federal legislation has been enacted which makes ridiculous the commonwealth and country. It has been enacted owing largely to the lethargy of the sane citizens who did not take the trouble to inform themselves on the matter in question or to vote on the issue.

Those who have the right of suffrage should use it. They should use it intelligently. They should know what they are voting for or against.

We Catholics have no reason to be ashamed of the part that Catholics have played in the history of the country. From the first days of our colonial history, through the Revolution, and the World War, we have always been on the side of liberty and loyalty.

We should not vote for a man on account of his religious beliefs. Whether he be a Catholic or a

Protestant, a Jew or a Gentile, in no wise affects his fitness for the exercise of office. His one claim to our suffrage should be the fact that he is a convinced and loyal American whose interest is the public good and that he is capable of discharging the obligations of the office to which he aspires.

Let us repeat that we should not vote for a man solely because he is a Catholic. But neither should we disclaim our rights as American citizens to hold office, or to say because a man is a Catholic he has no chance of being elected to any office of public trust, whether it be the office of village constable or President of the United States.

TO tell the truth, it is universally acknowledged and deplored that most of our Catholics of wealth do practically nothing for anything or anybody but themselves. Their Protestant neighbors might well teach them a lesson. There are comparatively few wealthy Protestants who do as little in these matters as the great majority of our wealthy Catholics. There are, of course, some very notable exceptions. But they are so few everywhere all over America that the fact has become a flagrant public disgrace. The rich Protestants and the poor Catholics seem to be blood-brothers in charity and generosity. Bolshevism can never grow out of that relationship.—*Cardinal O'Connell*.

THE modern mind has always been taught that new movements are begun outside the Church, and gradually convert the Church, until her last rump of reactionaries gradually yield to the discoveries of a younger generation. I believe the historical truth to be exactly the opposite. The Church is at the very beginning of movements, as the Popes were the first patrons of the Renaissance. She only reacts against them when they themselves have been intensified into insanity Religious authority has again and again suffered by being at the beginning of movements and not at the end of them. It was rather in the position of a mother or a nurse who starts a game among the children, because it is amusing and innocent in itself. Later on it turns into something totally different, which includes breaking the windows or setting fire to the curtains; and the authority comes to be chiefly remembered as conflicting with it or trying to curb it.

—G. K. Chesterton in *London Tablet*.

Hildebrand of the Cross

JOHN AYSCOUGH

THE pedestrian entering the Black Forest from Baden-Baden will probably do so by the valley of the Murg, and Forbach will be the first village of the forest he will come to, and then will come Gernsbach, where, perhaps, he will sleep. Between Forbach and Gernsbach he will be shown the road leading up to Langenbach, or rather to the three places of that name, Hinter Langenbach, Vor Langenbach and Mittel Langenbach. None of the three seem of much consequence; all the same the Counts of Langenbach were potent lords long ago, and even in Maria Theresa's time they were turbulent enough and strong enough to give the great Empress some trouble now and then.

On the other hand the great Abbots of Allerheiligen were trusty and alert vassals to be relied upon as watchful supporters of the feudal interests of the Empress who was their immediate overlord.

In the middle ages the family of Zahringen was very powerful, though now almost faded out of remembrance, their name chiefly noted by the traveller as giving title to the principal hotel, the Zahringen Hof, in the city of Freiburg in the Breisgau, once the centre of their sway.

About the time of Maria Therese's marriage there were rumors of opposition to her from these Zahringens of the Breisgau and it was said that the Counts of Langenbach were disposed to abet them.

Now Count Frederick von Langenbach was a young monk in the Abbey of Allerheiligen.

On a certain Friday morning in the autumn of the year of the Empress' marriage, the Lord Abbot of Allerheiligen sat in his abbatial parlor, and in his presence stood Dom Hildebrand.

"My son," said the Abbot, not harshly, "I have seen for some time that things were not well with you."

"What things?" asked the young monk sharply.

"You seemed less contented with your life here."

"I am less contented, my lord."

The Abbot sighed, but the kindness of his face did not harden. If he were grieved he displayed no anger though the tone of speech adopted by his young subject was by no means over-respectful.

Dom Hildebrand indeed spoke with irritable petulance.

"Shall I tell you, my dear son, why you are less contented?" asked the Abbot.

"Perhaps, as I must know better why I am no longer contented," the youth retorted, "I had better tell you."

The Abbot was not sure that he did know better; nevertheless he let the fractious youth have his way.

"My lord," said Hildebrand, "I was a boy when I came here."

"Yes, a very generous-hearted boy whom I loved."

"But I am no longer a boy," the youth hurriedly continued, "and what satisfied a boy does not satisfy a man."

"Often it happens," the abbot suggested, "that a generous boy has more courage than the man retains."

"Courage!" cried Hildebrand, "none of my name lack courage at any age; but in manhood it develops and strengthens. It is because I have now a man's courage that I am ill-content to wear the cowl instead of the helmet."

"Yes," mused the abbot, "the helmet is of hard steel and the cowl but of wool."

"But the wearer of the helmet has to face dangerous foes, while the monk—"

"Has to face foes more dangerous," pleaded the abbot.

"My lord abbot, you juggle with words," cried the lad. "You know well that I speak of foes who may deal wounds and death itself."

"I also, my son; and such a death as may know no resurrection."

Hildebrand made a gesture and a sound of impatience.

"I want," he called out, "to be a soldier; to wear a man's arms and walk the road of honor like a man and a noble of my house. I came here a boy, forgetting that I should outgrow boyhood. I have outgrown it. I cannot drone psalms for another three score years. I choke in the trivial monotony of this unvarying round—"

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OUR life is monotonous. It calls for a stouter courage to lead it faithfully than is required for the performance of one hard or dangerous act. And to that courage generosity must be added. You seemed to have the generosity and the courage. You would not listen to all we told you of the hardness of our life, nor doubt your steadfastness to carry its burden loyally. You chafed even against the delays imposed by the wise caution of the holy rule, and wanted to bind yourself without a novice's delay, and sharply you chid me because I would not dispense those delays and trials. You talk of greater courage—meaning less—meaning that the courage you had is faded and worn out. You talk of a man's arms, and of wishing to be a soldier; you are a soldier, self-enlisted in a King's Army, and you want to desert and fling your arms away. You say you want to walk a man's road of honor, beginning by the dishonor of broken pledge and foresworn vow.

How dare you guarantee your fidelity to one sovereign when you have so soon tired of the standards of a greater? You say you want to walk a man's road like a noble. Was the Hildebrand whose name you took, as if pledging yourself to valor, not a man? He stood against all the might and power of the world's sovereign—was he defeated or dismayed? Was ever man more manly, or more valiant than that Benedictine? Is any tale nobler than his? Hard he was and redoubtable, but was he ever called weak or womanish, or lacking in indomitable courage and force, and fighting strength? Do not misuse the names of things, or pretend that desertion is honor, and flight bravery."

The petulant youth was silenced out of his own mouth, but obstinacy is never conquered by sense, and his anger made sorer by the irritation of conscious weakness, was only deepened to more mulish revolt.

Having put his hand to the plough he had resolved to look back, and every backward glance became charged with more wistful hankerings. Having yielded to the weakness of flying from his

deliberately accepted burden, he could find no relief except in calling his poltroonry and infidelity, strength and manliness.

That very night he resolved on absolute flight, and when his brethren laid themselves down to rest, he stole away "*et nox erat*", as was written of that other, who fled from Christ's comradeship to be His betrayer.

Exivit Judas et nox erat. From his seat at the very side of the Light of Life the Iscariot, who had as truly as Peter, once given up all for Christ, "went out and it was night", went forth into a horror of darkness that should, forever, have no dawn.

Count Leopold von Langenbach, who had been the monk Hildebrand, stole away from the Abbey stealthily like a traitor from the leader he deserts; there was no sound but the noise of the waterfalls and the ghastly rustle of the pine branches, but the noises of the chill night were sufficient to cover the sounds of a closing door, of hurrying

footsteps, and at last of horsehoofs under a fleeing rider.

The recreant had a rendezvous; over in the Murg valley he was to meet certain troopers, conscripts of a rebel force, and the way was rough and long. First it led up from the deep, closed valley to whose side the Abbey clung, up onto the flattened open hill top where the watery moonlight showed black heather and white slag. At noon there would be thence a wide view over many valleys, like billows in the ocean-forest. Now the enormous landscape was but hinted, each valley folded close, a mere item in the secret blackness of the deep wood-choked hill country, a dark gulf parting hill from hill.

Then down again sunk the path, from the open upland down, ever lower, into the first valley, and so into the next, till the Murgthal itself was reached.

Here there was the noise of water again, the monotonous ceaseless swish and clatter of an invisible, always present, river stumbling over a stony bed, and tripping into hidden paths, black under

"Thy Own Soul a Sword Shall Pierce."

"What soul unscathed by sorrow's sword shall go?

Dost thou so shrink, great heart, to share our woe?"

"Not that, but ah, my soul in Jesu's is:

No sword can reach it save by rending His."

Sister MARY BENVENUTA O.P.

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the brooding pine-arches. At last the lonely rider came to the place where the parish of Klosterdorff meets that of Liebfrauenlieb, where was his rendezvous.

He was glad to know that now he would hear real human voices, and feel warm human breath upon his cheeks, for the night voices of the last solitary hours had become a torment. Sometimes he had heard ghastly sighings among the pine corridors; and sometimes a spray had rudely slapped his cheek as he brushed past. Many moanings had he heard flung after him from the four winds in succession, and once he had been pursued by cruel laughter—a night bird's, though he could not name

AT the boundary of the two parishes stood the enormous Calvary given twenty years before by the farmers and peasants of Klosterdorff in fulfilment of a vow in time of murrain and pestilence. The ground about it was partly cleared, and in the moonlight he could see the horses of the men whom he was to meet.

They had fallen, as they do who have long been waiting in a lonely night, into silence; this fretted him. He wished they had been chattering and laughing—even singing perhaps.

"You are as stealthy and noiseless," he complained, riding up, "as if you were an ambush. Haven't you so much as a 'Guten nacht' to give a comrade?"

"It's nearer morning than night," one of the men grumbled. "I think there would be more sense in it if we were an ambush."

"Presently there will pass here certain riders overladen with a rich burden; passing down from your kinsman of Langenbach to the Baron of Stolzfels; it seems to me that it were easy to lighten them of their load, which would make us none the less welcome when we take a recruit to the Lord of Zahringer."

"His recruit," said Count Leopold angrily, "does not enlist for service as a footpad or highwayman."

Leopold was not the first who, falling into one temptation, finds it leads him into degradation he had never dreamt of.

"A recruit," was the sharp retort, "enlists to obey orders and engages in such service as he may

be put to. And look you, brother, a raw monk is no such treasure of a recruit but that he needs gilding before presenting him to the noble captain. Hush, there come the riders with their treasure bags. You, brother, need hardly hide; if they spy your habit in the moonshine it will but reassure them, having a peaceful promise. But we men at arms must draw out of sight."

Leopold saw his new friends draw their horses back into the black shadows of the pines, while he himself was left in full view in the moonlight, hard by the great Calvary.

"Look you," whispered the leader of the men at arms, as he passed Leopold, "little is asked of you. You need do naught; but if you falter or show sign of treachery, I myself will put a bullet through your head before you have said three words—and those three your last."

THE bridal path kept close to the river's edge, and presently three or four men on horseback appeared upon it; they looked like serving men, and talked together in somewhat timid tones.

"Nay," Leopold heard one say, "it is but a monk. The troopers Hans thought he saw came into his head out of his timid fancy. Keep all together and have ready your pieces. Four stout armed fellows need scarce tremble at one monk."

But even as he spoke the leader of the troopers, with a low word to his comrades, pushed roughly forward out of the shadow, and all of them closed in around the serving man, whom they ordered to yield up the money they carried.

The serving man, however, who had spoken before, shortly called on the others to do their duty, and seemed by no means inclined to yield without a struggle. The leader of the troopers fired, and the honest serving man was wounded in one arm. His horse was more frightened than himself, and swerved away close to the water's edge. The trooper closed in on him and seized his bridle, trying to back the horse nearer to the brink of the steep stony bank. But the man attacked, in his turn, seized the trooper's bridle and was pushing him, in turn, so that both riders were struggling on the river bank.

Drawing his short cutlass the trooper was about to slash at the hand that held his bridle, when he and all the group were startled and astonished

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by a most unlooked for, though hardly warlike noise. The cock, which, perched on one of the transverse beams of the great cross, represented there St. Peter's denial, began crowing violently and flapping his wings. Then, flying down, he perched on the trooper's shoulder and continued shrilly crowing in the man's ear. Utterly confused, the man no longer kept heedful watch on his opponent, and the serving man, equally astonished, but encouraged by such unlooked for aid, wrenched at the trooper's bridle, and the startled horse, not less taken aback than his master, at the crowing and flapping behind his ears, swerved and stumbled, and presently fell over the steep bank into the river.

SEEN their leader's discomfiture, the other troopers were discouraged, while the serving men were equally heartened by their leader's success.

"Fritz," declared one of them, "there's something above nature here. 'I'll pit myself against no saints and miracles. Hans there will have enough to do to avoid drowning. That pool looks deep. I'll be off. I never enlisted to fight St. Peter.'"

"Nor I."

The other three troopers seemed of the same mind, and without further discussion rode away up the valley.

As for the serving men, marvellously relieved at their strange delivery, they presently made off too, though in the opposite direction down the valley whence they had come.

At last Leopold alone remained, and he was too much dazed to know clearly what he should do. He still bestrode his horse, and above him stretched the gaunt arms of the great cross.

Was it all true, or had the whole episode been a bizarre vision or dream? The grass around was indeed trampled, but there was no other reminder of the fray and its queer ending.

Perched aloft upon the beam of the cross the cock occupied his usual place as he had for over twenty years. His head indeed raised, his neck craned upward, his mouth open but not a sound coming from it, not a rustle audible from his wings.

The moonlight, pale and wan, fell on the body hanging to the cross, and Leopold all unwillingly, must look at it. It was immediately over him, and

presently its very shadow would fall across his own body.

HE was no longer thinking of the present scene and his present position. He was thinking of the day whereon he had gone to the Abbey, and then of the later day of his profession, when he had ceased to be Leopold and had become, as he thought for life, Dom Hildebrand; of the Abbot's blessing, and of his fellow monks' congratulations and encouragements, of all his own eager generosity of purpose and renunciation.

It was very cold in the damp forest under that wan moonshine, and the youth shivered as the shuddering breeze crept by him. Presently an acrid tear smarted in his eye, and slowly crept down his cheek.

But presently a thought, sweeter than any of himself could be, flooded his heart. Every symbol there above him spoke of love immortal, indestructible.

That instant something, not a tear, fell upon his face, and it was dark, almost black in that light of the unrisen dawn. Was it blood? And whose? Not his own, he knew, anyway. From no wound dealt by sword-thrust did it come; yet from a wound he had dealt, that he knew.

"Had He not wounds enough?" the lad cried silently, "that I should add to them. And those older wounds, were they not dealt by those who knew less than I?"

But he knew that all those wounds had not changed the Patient Love of the Wounded to hatred. Could his? No, the Divine Perfection was not subject to any man's assault, nor could it be slain by man's attack.

"I will arise and return to my Father," the lad resolved. "All I can do is to undo, as far as may be, what I have done, and not pause a day about it." Nor did he; he immediately went home to his confession and his penance. The penance lasted all his life, and Hildebrand of the Cross and Passion became of all the monks of Allerheiligen the humblest and most loving to the ineffable Passion. Among many dead souls, sodden with indifference, he set alight a flaming ardor of burning love to the Crucified. So once again the King's standard of the Cross saw another victory, as often it does where the enemy had counted on its special shame and defeat.

The What-Not

THE CRUCIFIX OF LIMPIAS

IN answer to many inquiries from our readers, we wish to say that the beautiful plaques of the Christ of Limpias which we have been giving for renewal subscriptions, are not blessed, but that they can be blessed by any priest.

* * *

There has recently been published an English version of Baron Von Kleist's book called *The Wonderful Crucifix of Limpias*. Copies of the book will be sent from this office for \$1.10 postpaid. The author states that since March 30, 1919, more than 500,000 persons have visited the Crucifix, that over 1,000 miraculous cures have been effected, that innumerable conversions of hardened sinners have been wrought, and that there has been a great blossoming of devotion to our Suffering Savior.

In her customary attitude of severe reserve towards all preternatural manifestations, the Church has not pronounced on the miraculous phenomena of Limpias. But the Spanish Bishops have approved of private and public pilgrimages to the Crucifix; and the Apostolic Penitentiary at Rome has granted, for seven years, a plenary indulgence, to be gained four times each year, to all who visit the Crucifix.

* * *

It may interest you to know this. When Father Timothy McDermott, C.P., one of our missionaries in China, arrived at his mission-station of Kieniang, what was his surprise to see hanging over the altar of the little Chinese chapel a large and beautiful copy of the Crucifix of Limpias. The Spanish missionary who had preceded Father Timothy had brought the painting with him from his native town near Limpias. Father Timothy said that he could not help thinking that the Christ of Limpias wished to identify Himself with the sons of the Passion in China.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Are any special indulgences attached to assisting at a priest's first Mass? New York

Yes. By a decree of the Sacred Congregation, Jan. 11, 1886, Pope Leo XIII granted to the priest himself and all his blood-relatives to the third degree who assisted at his first Mass a plenary indulgence. A partial indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines may be gained by others who assist.—(Walsh: *Mass & Vestments of the Church*).

In this connection, there is one indulgence we should all make sure to gain. It was granted by Pope Pius X to all the faithful who, after confession and communion, say with sincere love of God this prayer:

"O Lord my God! I now at this moment readily and willingly accept at Thy Hand whatever kind of death it may please Thee to send me, with all its pains, penalties and sorrows." (The *Raccolta*.)

The peculiar value of this indulgence lies in the fact that its effects are not applied until the moment of death. Holy Mother Church keeps the treasure in trust for us until that moment when we need it most and all other helps are powerless to aid us.

I notice that in order to gain a plenary indulgence it is necessary to pray for the Pope's intentions. What does this expression mean? Does it refer to any private intentions the Pope may have at the time one is praying? Delaware.

By the Pope's intentions are meant:

1. The progress of the Faith and the triumph of the Church.
2. Peace and union among Christian princes and rulers.
3. The conversion of sinners.
4. The uprooting of heresy.

I know that an indulgence is not a forgiveness of sin nor a permission to commit sin, but is it not true that indulgences were started to raise money for church purposes?

It is not true. Indulgences originated as modifications of the grievous penances in use in the ancient Church. By these indulgences severe fasts and like penances were changed into something easier, as prayers, almsgiving or other good works.

Indulgences in their present form were unknown until the eleventh century. (Dr. Nikolaus Paulus: *Indulgences as a Social Factor in The Middle Ages*).

It is true that the so-called alms-indulgences, which were used to help build and maintain churches, schools, hospitals and asylums, later became the occasion of serious abuses. But the principle underlying these indulgences is unassailable, the principle, namely, that almsgiving can contribute to the remitting of punishment due to sin. The indulgence or spiritual reward is not granted for the money given, but for the good work done in giving it.

The Church's teaching on this matter is admirably expressed in the above-mentioned book by a quotation from a sixteenth century preacher, Frederick Förner: "Beloved, tell me, if a man gives a dollar to a poor man, does it follow that God gives him heaven for the money? No! The money is not only not worth heaven, but it cannot merit heaven. It is only the good work of mercy through which the dollar is given to the poor man that, according to the promise of Christ, merits the heavenly reward." (See: Tobias 4/11-12/9.)

I am an admirer of the poetry of the late Alice Meynell. Could you let me know if she was a convert to the Church?

Not only was Mrs. Meynell herself a convert, but her parents, husband and sister were also converts. Alice Meynell's claims to our gratitude rest upon her own wonderful poetry and her having saved to the world Francis Thompson and his "Hound of Heaven."

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LET THE SUNSHINE IN

IMAGINE a rose that would say to itself: "I cannot afford to give away all my beauty and sweetness. I must keep these for myself. I will roll up my petals and withhold my fragrance.

But, behold, the moment the rose tries to hide its colors and withholds its fragrance, they vanish. The colors and fragrance do not exist in the unopened bud.

It is only when the rose begins to open itself to give out its sweetness, its life, to others, that its beauty and fragrance are developed. He who refuses to give himself for others, who closes the petals of his charity and withholds the fragrance of his sympathy and love, finds that he loses the very thing he tries to keep. The springs of his manhood dry up; his fine nature becomes atrophied; he grows deaf to the cries for help from his fellow-men. Tears that are never shed for others' woes sour to stinging acids in his own heart.

Refuse to open your purse, and soon you cannot open your sympathy; refuse to give, and you will soon cease to enjoy what you have; refuse to love and you lose the power to love and to be loved. But the moment you open wider the door of your life, and, like the rose, send out without stint your fragrance and beauty, you let the sunshine of life into your own soul.

* * *

WORSE AND MORE OF IT

A barren or scanty soil will grow neither good crop nor bad, but if a rich soil is left uncultured, its very fertility and richness may manifest itself by the rampant growth of noxious weeds and thorns. So it is the very richness of man's spiritual nature which, when all its hidden possibilities of moral beauty and excellence are left to run wild, infuses a special rankness and intensity into his vices.

—Principal Caird.

* * *

UNDER THE SURFACE

I RECEIVED a sick-call before daybreak one Sunday morning to a mine hospital. The February blizzard was doing its worst. I found my patient unconscious, a handsome young fellow, who had been struck by a train. Both legs were crushed and an arm had been torn away. The nurse bustled in, and was indignant that I should have travelled such a distance in such a storm.

"What can you do for him?" she sneered with contempt. I marvelled that she didn't want me. "No, Father," she explained hastily, "I don't mean that you're not welcome. But why should you risk your life in such cold at this hour to come to—that. A pig! There's not a vestige of soul in him. There was as much whiskey as blood soaked into the clothes I stripped off him!"

I gave her a little talk on the value of the soul, the vital gem that even then was slipping away out of that poor broken casket. I showed her, for she wasn't a Catholic, how my Absolution and the Anointing and the Last Great Blessing would pierce down to find something of good dispositions under the surface, and add their Christ-given strength to the man's poor weak contrition. She listened respectfully; but there was a slight twist to her sarcastic mouth.

I sat there for over two hours begging God for some sign from that bleeding body. I had to be back at the church for the seven o'clock Mass. As the Angelus struck—it happened to be the feast of our Lady's Purification—the dying boy's eyes opened, full of rational light.

"Father, I knew you were here all the time. O how I've been fighting to get back to tell you! I heard that 'My Jesus Mercy!' I wasn't drunk, though I did have something to help me hike home through the snow. It wasn't the drink; but the stormy weather blinded me, and made me this chopped-up wreck. There was nowhere to walk but the railroad. Now, nurse, if you please, I'll go to confession."

She turned away, quickly responsive, and the moisture was in her eyes. I think that she had learned a lesson that would always stick by her. In one great instance she had seen under the surface. She 'phoned me later, her voice thick with tears, and told me that the boy had passed into eternity at 7:40—just the minute I had whispered his name in the Memento of the Dead.

But he was with the Eternal Living. When he saw the face of Christ, I wonder if he remembered me!

W. W. WHALEN.

* * *

THANK YOU!

Brooklyn, Jan. 3, 1923.

My Dear Fr. Harold:

Your page II "Getting Business Decently" in the January issue of THE SIGN is a winner, and I am certain that the Catholic public, your prospects, must support the book when you go after the subscriptions on the basis stated.

I consider THE SIGN the best looking publication of the possible half-dozen we receive each month, and the stories from China are exceptionally interesting.

I shall say a good word for THE SIGN when I meet a possible subscriber, and wish you continued success.

J. A. Mc.

Very Rev. Fr. Fidelis, Passionist

(JAMES KENT STONE)

President of Hobart College

THE youthful president of Kenyon kept right on doing audacious things, so Mrs. Stone wrote to Mrs. Longfellow in February, 1868. "Already scandal had arisen about him and various pious eyes and hands are devoutly raised in consternation and pitying voices exclaim, 'What next!'" And again she writes: "Kent is chafing at his seclusion here and longing to get out more into the arena of church life. Indeed, I sometimes wonder if another year will find him here. Just now there is much going on in the church that calls for no 'uncertain sound', and I can see that Kent really pines for an active part in the field. I cannot predict our future."

Bishop McIlvaine passed him over for the Baccalaureate at the June Commencement. He wrote to Mr. White, Esq., of Buffalo, June 8th, 1868:

My Dear Mr. White,

A beautiful morning! All well and in good spirits. They have received us here most warmly. Preached twice yesterday. We leave tonight for Boston. I hope to be back in Gambier by Wednesday or Thursday. Of course, you have heard of the Baccalaureate. Bishop Bedell told me Brooks was going to preach it. I must have something in writing from Bishop McIlvaine, before I can consider my appointment properly objected to. Love to all. I dare not trust myself to give specific messages.

Ever truly,

James Kent Stone.

Kenyon remained through his life a store-house of very sacred memories; but also of amusing ones. Even before his entry into the Church, while he was in retirement at Madison, he wrote in this vein: "I never should have given the item (a premature report of his conversion) a second thought, nor taken the trouble to correct it, had it not been for your letter. I was only amused, and that for a moment, at the avidity with which our good Ohio Christians clutched at so delicious a triumph. Ah, well! I am a slain warrior, and they may shout their war dance over my carcass, and make a merry feast and pick my bones as clean as they like; but my soul has fled far away and is quite indifferent and oblivious to all their hallabaloo. It is well they don't know this, for it would spoil half their fun, poor things."

Other memories soon crowded in, for in the same letter he writes: "It was a melancholy pleasure to hear about the little cottage in the Park, and the piano and your dear Maggie playing upon it. I am so glad you remember Cornelia as you do. Don't forget her. We shall meet together again one of these days when there will be no more heavy hearts."

The two following excerpts also reflect what was a source of perennial amusement to him: the 'fumings' of his former co-religionists. They also exhibit the fine traits which ever characterized his dealings with his friends. "The students who followed us here (Hobart) will, I hope and believe, all go back to Gambier and now why can't you go to work and bring Professor Smith back? I know he won't be happy here. I know he left his heart with you all and in Kenyon College. I doubt very much whether he will remain here at any rate after I go. I am almost perfectly certain he will come if you call him, and go to work with you again with renewed zeal and redoubled energy. The Trustees of Kenyon will be insane if they don't secure him. He is not a Theological reprobate like me, but a good honest layman, who loves 'Law and Order', is loyal to the P. E. Church, and doesn't care a fig for Ritualism and 'Romanizing germs'."

HE writes again to the same correspondent, Mr. White: "I know something of Gambier and of the way in which one who has once been spotted can be pitilessly hunted down. And so I have been almost afraid to write to you at all. And when I had read that you had written to Rev. Mr. French (the offending newspaper Editor) as you did, and that you had spoken out as you did at the President's house, I fairly shuddered. Now, my dear Mr. White, I beg and implore both you and all your family that henceforth, so soon as the fact of my real 'perversion' becomes known, you will be careful not to say a single word in extenuation of my course; ignore me; do not show by look or action that you regard me in any other light than 'brother sawer' doubtless does (bless his honest old soul!). I entreat you to heed this caution. Much as I love you—or rather because I love you, I would

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never write you another line if I thought it was going to bring you under suspicion."

He resigned from Kenyon after the Commencement of 1868 and passed to Hobart. Bishop Cox announced the accession of James Kent Stone to Hobart College in a Pastoral Letter to the Diocese of New York. "You have been gladdened by the announcement of important and beneficial measures, which have been lately set on foot by the Corporation of Hobart College. Congratulate the Diocese on the accession to its Presidency of the Rev. James Kent Stone, with whom will be associated a corps of able professors more complete than has ever before been established in this institution."

On July 21, 1868, Kent Stone addressed the following letter to the Reverend James Rankine, D.D.

Reverend and dear Sir,

"Your telegram of the 14th Inst. informing me of my election to the Presidency of Hobart College only reached me in this place (Gambier) by the last mail, and after having made quite a tour in the Eastern States in search of me. With many misgivings, arising from a most sincere distrust of my own qualifications, I am yet led to feel that in the good Providence of God, it is my duty to accept the appointment . . .

Your Obedient Servant,
James Kent Stone.

DOCTOR McDANIELS wrote the following reminiscences of Father Fidelis in compliance with the request of Father Fidelis' daughter. The readers of THE SIGN, will, we are sure, be grateful to both that they have allowed this fascinating portrait to appear in the pages of this magazine. As will be seen, the reminiscences are largely directed to Father Fidelis' Hobart days.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF JAMES KENT STONE
J. H. McDANIELS

MY acquaintance with K. S., at Harvard, was very limited, for two reasons: first—because I lived outside of the College Yard during my Freshman and Sophomore years, and, secondly—because, as an "M" I was not in the same "Division" with the "S's." For example, I made my acquaintance quite early with Jimmy May, and with Mumford, who continued, I believe, to be the "chum" and intimate friend of K. S. through his entire College course. But Mumford became my intimate friend also quite early, partly on account of

congeniality and partly from the accident of alphabetic proximity. I must have known K. S. in the "Institute of '76", a Sophomore Literary Association at that time, which met for debates and the reading of essays—extremely pleasant and useful, but not exactly sociable in its aim.

In my Junior year I lived in one of the buildings in the Campus and constantly associated with men of the Class of '60 as well as '61. I belonged to a Dining Club of about a dozen men, all clever and harmonious in tastes. One of them was Mumford, others Alden and Garrison. I doubt if K. S. was a member, if he had been, I should certainly recall the fact. Alden was a solid scholar, he and K. S. disputed the primacy in the Class in Scholarship. At some time in this year Kent wrote a Class poem, but in the latter part of the year, he must have been absent and also for the greater part of the Senior year. He rated himself with the Class of 1861. I am sure that he had hosts of friends in the Class, by whom he was fondly loved, and for whom he cherished an ineffaceable attachment. The proofs of this I will revert to later.

I understood that he was travelling in Europe. He returned in time to be present at our Commencement, and to be feted at the "Spreads". He dropped in joyously at mine and made the acquaintance of my one surviving sister; but his absence prevented him from taking his degree till later—perhaps, after he had finished his service in the War which hung over us till the fifth anniversary of the Class of 1861. For this we had a successful reunion at which Garrison's Class song was sung in praise of our heroes, and many good speeches were made in tender reminiscences of the vanished. For some good reason your father could not attend this dinner, and keen regret was expressed at his enforced absence.

UNTIL 1868 I had no correspondence with K. S.; the intermediate years were, of course, occupied with his studies for the Ministry, and his call to the Professorship of Latin at Kenyon, where he soon after accepted the Presidency. He was reported widely in the newspapers as the youngest man occupying such a position in the United States. I was not surprised at such a triumph. The position soon became thorny and uncomfortable for him, because Kenyon was closely associated at that time with a Theological Seminary,

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the Staff of which and the Bishop, claimed the right to meddle with the affairs and management of the College and to criticize the views of the President. This irritating relation K. S. would not tolerate, and, very justly resigned the Presidency.

His resignation caused profound regret to the members of the Faculty who were ardently devoted to him. Soon after he was invited unanimously and with *eclat*, to the Presidency of Hobart, which he accepted with high hopes, carrying with him to the Chair of Physics his devoted admirer, Prof. Hamilton Smith, who had distinguished himself at Yale by making the first telescope ever used in the University, and had also finished researches in the diatomaceae which were known to European naturalists. The accession of Prof. Smith was a great and permanent asset for Hobart, secured entirely by the personal attraction of the new President.

In June of the same year, he wrote me a cordial letter urging me to take the chair of Greek which was left vacant by the departure of Albert I. Wheeler to the same post in Cornell University. He himself proposed to fill the chair of Philosophy which the Rev. Dr. Wilson was assuming at the request of Dr. Andrew D. White, who was adding, at the same time, the trump-card of Goldwin Smith to his new venture. At the moment when I received K. S.'s appeal I was just considering an enticing call to be Head Master of St. Mark's School at Southboro, Mass., with full control of all the other appointments. I had almost decided to accept this appointment, when the letter arrived tempting me with the companionship of a dear friend, and exclusive occupation in a subject for which I had a special passion and fitness. Other letters followed so winning and full of the spirit of *camaraderie* in a promising work that I decided to try my fortunes under such leadership at Hobart. I wish I could show you these letters, the tone of which warms my heart as I recall their overflowing cordiality.

I REACHED Geneva in September, the beginning of the first year of the new administration, and was welcomed by Prof. Smith in the absence of the President. He was detained at Brookline by his wife's illness, so that I entered on my duties without his welcome; later he returned, but was recalled to her bedside, which proved to be her death bed. So I never knew your mother; but

accompanied by Prof. Smith, I travelled to Jamaica Plain, and we together paid our tribute to her memory, representing by our presence both Colleges the affectionate reverence and sympathies of the Community of Gambier and the grievous disappointment of the College circle of Geneva. We shared in your father's bereavement—the vanished vision of a household, radiant with the charm and loveliness, the strong character and intellectual brilliancy which all our news from Gambier had led us to anticipate, as the center of our social life.

The young children, of course, could not come at once to the empty house which he now occupied. It was not possible at that time to make a home for them. It was pleasantly situated on a grassy bluff which commanded a view of the Lake for many miles across a terraced garden toward the south and east. The foot of this garden bordered on the Lake, opening on a narrow strip of flowering shrubs and foliage beneath ancient trees. This little tangle shut out the village world, and gave one the sense of a delicious, silent solitude of sky and water, shared only by singing birds, or a flight of wild ducks, or, in the autumn, by some file of wild geese, clamoring and winging toward the northern shore in the sunset, just as the distant lighthouse began to show its beacon to belated sails, or to the steamer, with its rows of twinkling lights, trying to make harbor in the dusk of evening. By night this little nook afforded a hint of Venice and romance, by day a retreat of secluded peace and silence. There your father found refuge and solace many a time—nothing to jar upon his memories, and food for his poetic spirit. I mention this because he was fond of the spot, and often described to me its fascination.

For the first few months after his bereavement he craved solitude and declined the sympathetic invitations which poured in from kindly neighbors; but he had his duties and occupations at the College and he enjoyed the daily intercourse with his devoted friends, Prof. Smith and his wife. Their house was a home to him; he took his meals with their family. They had known his wife intimately and all his fast friends in Gambier. He began to assist our Chaplain, and read the service or preached on alternate Sundays. The Chapel was crowded and overcrowded when he preached; the students contracted themselves into the narrowest

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quarters to make room for the congregation of outsiders who flocked in. His sermons were listened to with a fervor of admiration and attention. The matter was always thoughtful and weighty, and was adorned by the charm of a melodious voice and an impressive delivery. In reading the Scriptures I have never heard his equal; he expressed every jot and tittle of meaning, every *nuance*, in the melodious tones and modulations of a rare and perfect voice. The students were profoundly influenced, but you can imagine that the spell of his presence and message, the pathos of his recent loss, fluttered many young hearts, and old ones, too, from outside the College walls. The ladies young and old were bewitched with that figure which reminded one of Boticelli's Angels.

When the Spring came on, it became a matter of duty and politeness to return the calls and civilities of many neighbors and friends. I joined him in these social duties and we together accepted invitations to dinners, or to picnics in sequestered spots across the Lake. While we were both occupied with College work and duties, it was a pleasure to me to see him unbend, and plunge once more into the current of humane and neighborly life which eagerly embraced him.

THE society of Geneva at that period was particularly refined, gentle, intelligent and hospitable. Every door was open and inviting; there was kindness, good manners, old fashioned hospitality. He renewed his youth, he was much sought after. He had himself no household from which to receive and to entertain as a President might; but we two were young enough to meet the students half way and to form links between them and the houses of refinement which welcomed the College circle. They gave and they received. The social atmosphere had grace which matched the beauty of the landscape and the Lake.

In those Victorian days there were damsels who amused themselves with reading Dante in Italian, or Goethe in German, after they had finished their lawn tennis, or returned from a picnic at the falls of Kashery. One of them, 45 years later, sent a message to your father in Cuba which he graciously acknowledged. She and her sister might have been taken out of Tennyson's Princess.

One special pleasure which we enjoyed to-

gether was a visit in May to our Classmate, George Hart Mumford, who was himself at that time making a visit to his sisters at the family homestead in Rochester about fifty miles west of Geneva. Mumford had been your father's "chum" and most intimate friend at Harvard and was one of my most intimate friends and a member of our Dining Club. He had come for a short rest from business in San Francisco where he already held the high position of Vice President of the Western Union Telegraph. He had great beauty of feature, and charm of manner, combined with noble aims in life. His sisters matched him in charm and in character. But his marriage, afterwards, in San Francisco, turned out a failure; his wife was no mate for him, and he vanished by an early death, leaving children who never had the boon and privilege of his sisters' influence and friendship. They needed it sorely to correct their mother's traits. Of this clouded future we three had no foreboding. The few days we spent together are among the brightest in my memory.

A short time after this our Commencement took place in a most satisfactory manner, the graduating class acquitted itself admirably; the manner of the young President in conferring the degrees added a note of distinction to the ceremony. The prospect for the coming year seemed most encouraging.

THEN followed the astounding rumor that your father felt it necessary to offer his resignation, which he could not by any persuasion, be induced to withdraw.

Next came the explanation that this sudden step was taken in consequence of a vital change in his religious belief and his resolve to embrace the Catholic faith. This was a stunning blow to the Trustees of the College; and more especially to his intimate friends, Prof. Smith and myself, who were now destined to part with him, and to lose his spirit and influence in the College atmosphere. No one of us had the slightest suspicion of his changing mind till his resolution burst upon us, ready made. Of course the seed had been germinating in his thoughts for months, and even earlier, and was not to him a sudden change of heart. Doubtless he did right in not consulting us who could not have helped him in the new path of inquiry, and who would only have entangled and embarrassed the

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movements of his conscience. I may add that he never encountered in Geneva any petty criticism or ecclesiastical interference such as led to his resignation at Kenyon. Bishop Coxe always felt and showed the truest affection and admiration for that young President who, he thought, had solved for him the problems of Hobart College.

But Prof. Smith and his wife were desolated; and one morning I said goodbye to my Classmate, handed to him my little copy of Theocritus in which I had marked two lines.

It was just in front of the Chapel that we parted, and I believe we never set eyes on each other again. That was owing to a succession of accidents; but it never destroyed the vivid freshness of our memories.

This is a suggestion of the Greek:

Three days and nights we bide the dawn of your return,
our friend—
Three endless days, while we who wait *Grow old ere*
one day end.

There is a touch of the Oriental in this, like the Arabic or the Song of Solomon; but it is not much in excess of the feeling that your father inspired. In later years when our class of 1861 met at dinners or lunches in Cambridge, when Kent Stone was absent, without a message of greeting, there were constant inquiries for him and affectionate reproaches that he seemed to have forgotten Auld Lang Syne. This was all a mistake, as we found out after the death of our first Secretary. For years he had suffered from a wasting disease, and by his inadvertence, your father's faithful and constant messages of affection to the Class had lain *perdus*. No one in fact had excelled him in fidelity and constancy.

The wonder is that throughout his journeyings "in peril by land and sea", his tender heart remained steadfast to the memory of comrades who well deserved such constancy. For of my classmates I may say with pride, the more you knew their inner lives, the more that revelation won a deserved admiration. I know something of human nature, I admire the devotion and self-sacrifice of a certain priest, an intimate friend, who like your father has given himself up entirely to the service of mankind. But the priest who is so *devote* is generally constrained to forego the tender joy of intimate, individual friendship, with its sweetness. Not so, with your beloved father.

At the moment while he was working at the daily risk of his life, like Father Damien, among the outcast dregs of negroes and half breeds in Corpus Christi, he could call to mind the friend whom he had not seen for forty years, and write as if they were still students together, across the gulf of time and distance, and estranging interests. A rare gift of a nature lavishly endowed, which in the midst of privation and self-sacrifice could squander its pearls upon the lowest, and still triumph over its *milieu*, clinging to the golden filaments of friendship and grasping in that alien spot the subtlest graces of civilization.

IT was a special feature of his character that he who had denied himself the enjoyment of the dearest family ties, never forgot their meaning and strength. His sense of the beauty of such human affections never became atrophied, though his calling had severed such ties. I sent him once a memorial tribute which I had written for one of our College students—a gifted boy who at the height of his promise, was drowned in our Lake. In speaking of it he said, "What consolation it must have brought to his mother."

For many years after our parting in Geneva I had little or no direct communication with your father. This was in no sense an estrangement; it was simply due to his passionate devotion to his ministry, to his wanderings in many lands, as a missionary. I heard rumors of his being now in Italy, now in Brazil, or, again, much later, of his appointment by Harvard University, as Chaplain and adviser for the Cuban teachers who were invited one Summer to be guests of the University and enjoy its privileges. No happier choice could have been made than such a guardian.

In the Winter of 1916, I happened to stay at Jupiter Inlet, Florida, and to exchange some letters with K. S., who was stationed in a Monastery at Santa Clara, Cuba. We were both delighted to find ourselves so near and he urged me to join him in Cuba, and make a visit at the Monastery. This invitation I was charmed to accept and we were both looking forward eagerly to the prospect of a meeting. But an unusual deluge of rain damaged the Monastery so seriously that he was forced to change his mind. There was no corner left to shelter me, he himself soon received orders to proceed

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elsewhere and I, once more, for a while, lost his address.

During this correspondence I forwarded to him a Sonnet written by my friend, Prof. George E. Woodberry for the Italian cause. It was printed in the *New York Times*, and sent by the author to some Italian soldiers, devotedly attached to him. They translated it into Italian and sang it as a marching song in their charges on the Austrian frontier. A single line in this Sonnet which imitated an Italian idiom, K. S. criticized with unerring taste as Woodberry himself acknowledged.

FROM Cuba I lost trace of your father for six months or more. When he next reported himself, it was at Corpus Christi, Texas, in the thick of the epidemic of the influenza where he was ministering to Mexican half-breeds and negroes. One vivid bulletin announced that his priestly assistant had just died of the plague, that the

place swarmed with the dead and dying, and that his turn might come any day. Later he reported that he expected to go North soon and would endeavor to visit me in Geneva. That promise never was fulfilled. A brief message and a pencilled card from Chicago stated that he found difficulty in writing. I responded to this, and then followed silence. My absence for two Winters in Italy (1921, 1922) may possibly have made a break, though I sent Christmas cards from Alassio.

One item I omitted, which you are aware of, probably. Writing from Cuba, he mentioned that he had done his best to enter the War, and to occupy himself at the front in France. That opportunity he was refused on account of his age.

Self-denial, service, sacrifice—this was the note, the motif of his heroic life, of that *vita vota* which found snug harbor in your home at last, ere the blessed soul flitted to Paradise.

Penitential

Because I lost the narrow way
That skirts the Tree of Stainless Hours,
Forgive me, Lord, yet wield Thy flail
To drive me to Thy silver towers.

I wrapped me in a golden cloak,
And set upon my head a star;
But soon came princes of the night,
Who lured me to green groves afar,

Where I plucked fruits of wild desire,
That burned each fibre of my soul—
O, Lord, I paid a grievous price
To walk a road without a goal

Though nigh to death, see! Lord—I rise
In all my tattered rags of youth;
Give me but strength that I may bear
Me onward to the Light of Truth,

Which is Thy Heart that loves the world,
As a friend who dies for a faithless friend—
Thy red wounds blossom as the dawn—
I shall go barefoot to the end.

J. CORSON MILLER.

Penitent, Apostle and Founder

The Life Story of Saint Paul of the Cross

Gabriel Francis Powers

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CHAPTER I.

BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD

NAR from the sound of strife and turmoil of contending factions, there is in the northern part of Italy, at some distance above Genoa, a small, peaceful town, surrounded by low green hills covered with vines, and circled by a shallow, broad river; an old-fashioned, tranquil place called Ovada. Down to 1800 it had its vestiges of feudal tradition, the ruins of a castle and tower overlooking the plain, but these disappeared in the increase of the habitable houses. The hamlet is now a comfortable burgh, clustering around its central church, a spot full of sunshine, of talkative, happy voices, and of all the sounds and sights that denote industry, and the uneventful pursuit of domestic and rural activities. All round about, for miles in every direction, the fertile soil produces grapes in rich abundance, hence a district famous for its wine.

The town, though it has developed considerably in the last two centuries, assuming a more modern air, keeps nevertheless a certain ancient character of narrow streets with the houses built close together in continuous line, and small, dusky shops on the street level, with heterogeneous merchandise hanging without to show what sort of business is done there. Of recent years a branch railroad has threaded its way past Ovada, but the station is over a mile distant,

*The Very Rev. Archpriest Ferraris of Castellazzo, an authority on the life of St. Paul of the Cross, is preparing a pamphlet wherein he claims that the name should be spelled *Daneo*, as it appears generation after generation in the archives of Castellazzo whence the saint's father came, and not *Donnio*, which is the name of a family of some distinction in Ovada. It is his opinion that when the parish priest entered Luke Daneo in the register as *Dannio* it was either by error, through similitude of sound, or a bit of vanity, as the young man was marrying his niece.

and does not trouble the somnolent seclusion of the old town.

In this provincial centre, similar to hundreds of others in Upper Italy, in a two-story house with a narrow front upon a small square, there lived, toward the close of the seventeenth century, a worthy couple of the name Daneo,* lowly folk though well descended, but God-fearing, upright, honorable in their dealings, and held in high respect by all who knew them. Luca Daneo was a cloth merchant in a small way, but had a pronounced taste for good reading. He had been married once before, but having lost both wife and children of the first union, he took a second wife, Anna Maria Massari, a young woman of altogether unusual piety and discretion, and it was to these excellent

We confess ourselves fortunate in having procured this new biography of the Founder of the Passionist Order. It has been written expressly for THE SIGN, from original sources, and in the very places where St. Paul lived and labored. It is not necessary to inform our readers that the author, Gabriel Francis Powers, is a distinguished writer and art critic.

—The Editors.

people that on January 3, 1694, in the modest house on the square, a son was born in the night. The young mother, new at child-bearing, had sometimes wondered at the peculiar sense of happiness and of uplift that had been hers for some months past, as of a spiritual jubilee; and at times she noted a fragrance and sweetness in her mouth. But her wonder grew yet greater when her son was born, for in the stillness of the darkest hours, a beautiful and mysterious light filled the room, as though a ray of heaven had come down into it, making the oil lamps that burned there turn pale.

The infant was baptized in the principal church, dedicated to the Assumption of Our Lady, on the 6th of January, the feast of the Epiphany, and he

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received at the sacred font the names of Paul and Francis, the first perhaps for a memory of one of his ancestors, Paul Daneo, who had attained distinction; the second, probably, for the beloved Saint of Assisi. And many have noted the extreme fitness of these two names for one who was to imitate the great Paul of the Gentiles in his apostleship, and Francis in his seraphic love for the Crucified Lord.

As she carried her little son in the close, strong shelter of her arms, the mother wondered anew that he did not cry, as other infants do for hunger, but on the contrary, he refused the offered breast, save once in the morning, once at noon, and once at night, as though he had made a rule of abstinence for himself. How she must have watched for the first signs of intelligence and communication in the infant eyes gazing up into hers. What would he be, this son upon whom God seemed already to have laid His hand? His lips began to formulate rudimentary sounds, and immediately she caught them and trained them into the word she loved best: "Gesù" . . . she tried to make him say, and again: "Gesù" . . . they were the first syllables he articulated after her . . . "Gesù" . . . And presently she grew more bold at this first success, and still, trailing behind her voice, the tiny flute like voice repeated after her: "Maria." So he

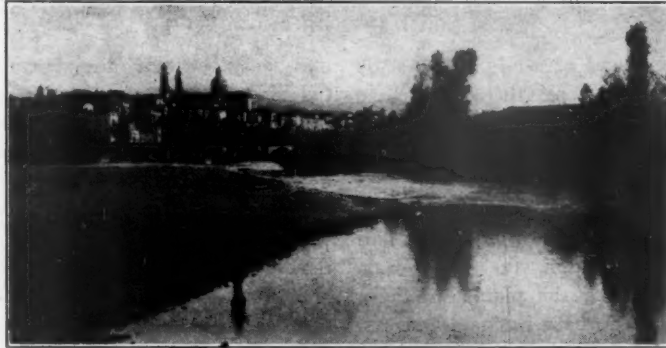
learned in her arms those two names that were never to leave his lips again until he died: "Gesù, Maria."

Then he was able to stand upon his feet and to walk a little, and she still watched him, every day, every hour, every moment, refusing to put him into

the arms of a maid or nurse: "He might hear some word I should not wish." She was teaching him his prayers then, and he learned them well, easily, as though they were natural to him, while she showed him how to bless himself and how to hold

his little hands folded palm to palm. The little fellow was so gentle, so tender, with such sweet ways! And brow, and eyes, and lips gave witness of a flower-like openness, a guilelessness and innocence that made him more like a fair, small angel wandered to earth than an ordinary flesh - and - blood boy. There was only one ordeal that wrung cries and tears from him. This was the combing and disentangling of his hair. The mother, holding him before her, did it with what gentleness she could; but he was sensitive and the pain made him

weep and angered him at once. "Fie", she would say, "fie! To cry and fuss so when the holy martyrs endured such great sufferings without complaining!" And with a truth of instinct that the modern psychologist would envy her, she adroitly diverted his attention from his annoyance by telling him stories



OVADA AS IT IS TO-DAY



THE BRIDGE OVER THE OLBA

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of the saints and anchorites of old. He was eager to hear these, the holy hermits seeming to appeal to him in a special manner.

BUT if the stories failed, she had another argument that was unanswerable—to put a small Crucifix in his hands: "There now, do you see how much our dear Jesus suffered on the Cross? And are not you ashamed to cry if I pull your hair? See how patient He is! And He has a crown of thorns on His head, and nails in His hands and feet." The child looked at the Cross, and his fretting ceased. And still he looked, holding it almost with awe in his tiny hands. Those thorns must indeed have hurt His head, and the nails His hands and feet. How good and patient Jesus was! It must have been much worse than mother's combing one's hair. He grew to have a great reverence and a great compassion for the Crucified Redeemer, and the thought of ever displeasing Him was altogether dreadful to him.

That Cross hanging upon the wall was no material object, it was a cult; it was mingled with his love of his mother and familiar as her remembrance; it was a divine something that spoke eloquently of his beloved Jesus, of His great sufferings, and of the mercy that made Him bleed upon its wood to redeem mankind. The boy was very little still, but this thing he understood with extraordinary clearness, and he knew well that he must never offend God, never, no matter what the temptation might be, because sin crucifies Jesus anew.

A second son, born on April 4, 1695, had followed the first, and as, with the growth of his organism, the play instinct developed in little Paul,

he had a companion of very nearly his own age, and of congenial tastes, to take part in his amusements and share his pleasures. John Baptist, too, was extremely pious, and the lads vied with one another in assiduous attendance at church, and exemplary behavior there.

But, when their simple lessons were over, and the errands for the mother all done, the two would play together at the game they most enjoyed, which was officiating around a toy altar for which they

were always seeking ornaments and flowers, or ends of taper to burn upon it. The object of principal devotion upon the altar was a waxen figure of the Infant Jesus, to which the children were much attached. Before this real prayers were said, devoutly and fervently; but, furthermore, complete and lengthy services were held in imitation of the offices of the church, and much ingenuity was exercised to obtain the effect of a censer, incense and smoke.

THE boys learned early to serve Holy Mass, and they were constantly seen in church, in the sanctuary as acolytes, or at the catechism class, or making visits

to the Blessed Sacrament. Everybody knew the little fellows, their unusual piety, their inseparable companionship, and their intimate, sweet, and happy friendship one for the other. The older, perhaps in a greater degree, though it was marked in both of them, manifested an extraordinary attraction for the divine mystery of the Eucharist, almost a supernatural drawing to It, and the younger, covertly admiring and eager to imitate his senior, would gaze alternately at Paul, kneeling motionless with folded hands, and at the golden door which hid their trea-



WHERE ST. PAUL WAS BORN

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sure. None who ever saw Paul praying upon those steps, his face seraphically lifted, and lighted with a roseate beauty of joy, his whole form modestly composed and breathing angelic purity, could ever forget it.

IT need scarcely be said that a boy so loved and blessed of Heaven, so sedulously trained by his good mother, had a like immense, tender veneration for the Holy Mother of God. Paul not only prayed to her and sang her praises, practising little mortifications in her honor, and keeping her feasts with particular observation, but he had a deep and living confidence in her which made him turn spontaneously to her, certain of her help and succor in all his needs. Every day he recited her rosary unflinching, with the greatest recollection and fervor, and he confessed himself that more than once, as he told his beads, he had "seen Jesus".

A remarkable proof of the loving care and protection of Mary over this soul that trusted her so much, occurred on one occasion when Paul and his brother attempted to cross the river Olba on a slender bridge made of pieces of wood called locally a "*passerella*". The spot, on the mere authority of tradition, is pointed out, and still has but an eighteen inch wide passage-way of ties swung over the stream. Whether the lads pushed one another in sport, or one stumbling carried over the other, they both found themselves struggling in the water which at that season was deep and rapid, and no assistance being at hand, they were in imminent danger of drowning. But they had a friend who is ever near her servants. Sinking and in terror, they saw a "beautiful lady" (their own word) bend over them, when a moment before nobody had been in sight; and, smiling as she bent, she took hold of them and they found themselves drawn se-

curely to the shore. Again in the wide landscape no person was in sight, but the boys had no doubt whatsoever as to who their beautiful Lady had been. From that hour their devotion to her was intensified by profound gratitude, and by the deeper and more tender intimacy of having once at least, though but for a moment, beheld the veiled splendor and sweet graciousness of her face.

Paul was perhaps eight or ten years old when his parents decided that it would be better for him to receive instruction in grammar and Latin from the priest of the neighboring town of Cremolino, who was a good teacher and an old friend of the family. Accordingly the boy went to live at the presbytery of Cremolino, only a few miles from his home, by the road over the hills covered with vineyards. The fact that three children of the Daneo family were born at Cremolino shows that they moved frequently between the two places, consequently the separation was not a severe one; but it may be that this residence with a priest, in a house to which other priests came frequently, and where he was in close touch with the Church in a larger sense than heretofore, increased in the lad his love and reverence for the liturgy.



THE VIA S. DOMENICO, OVADA

HE not only served Mass, but waited on the priest at all holy functions, but also recited the Divine Office in choir with the clergy, as the more pious altar-boys are wont to do in many parts of Italy. Another duty of these resident students is to cut out the altar breads which are made in the priest's house with ancient, valuable irons of fine design; and this, too, may have been one of the boy's delights in that hieratic centre.

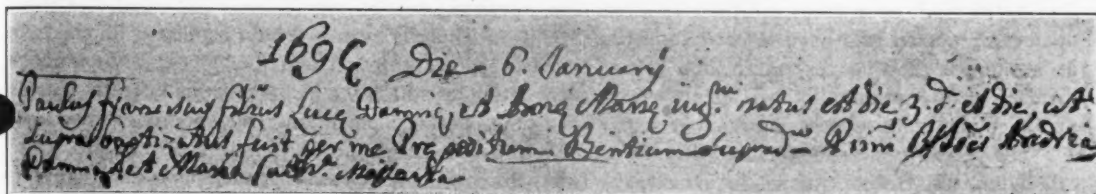
The master was surprised at the progress of his pupil; Paul had a fine mind, and was all attention; beside that his conscience insisted on close

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application to whatever he recognized as a duty. He advanced rapidly in every branch of learning proposed to him, and was exceedingly proficient particularly in catechism and Bible history. We do not know if the boy made his First Holy Communion at Cremolino or at Ovada, but his name is entered in the register of the Confraternity of the scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel in Ovada in 1707. As he was then about thirteen, it seems

saint, and defined with red paint by his own hand. A gentleman of the town informed the writer that several attempts had been made to efface the crosses by washing the wall, but that, after each successive effort, the crosses are always there.

As he passed from childhood to adolescence, the inner development of mind and heart and will made no change in Paul's spiritual life, but only enlarged and intensified his earlier loves and aspira-



THE RECORD OF ST. PAUL'S BAPTISM

likely that he had just made his first Holy Communion. The register is that of the Oratory of Our Lady of the Annunciation, a chapel at a stone's throw from the Daneo house, on the Via di S. Domenico. No doubt Paul often prayed in this devout sanctuary of the Blessed Virgin, wherein a graceful wood sculpture represents Our Lady kneeling; and the Archangel greeting her with his lowly salutation; but again, as we have not accurate information on this point, we merely invoke the authority of custom; it was usual at that time in Italy for children to receive Holy Communion between the ages of twelve and fourteen, and frequently they were enrolled in the scapular at the same date.

Outside the uppermost window of the Daneo house, the window on the left as you face it, two equilateral crosses, of irregular shape, appear one on each side of the window at different levels. These are said to be a relic of the childhood of the

tions. He approached the Sacred Banquet regularly two or three times each week and this intimate and sweet familiarity with his Eucharistic Lord caused him to watch with jealous care over the stainless purity of his conscience. As to the Crucifix, the remembrance of Our Redeemer's Passion and bitter death had entered so deeply into the soul of the boy, that the mere sight of it moved him to vivid sorrow and contrition. Already Christ Crucified was the supreme passion of his life. And by some divine illumination, being yet but a lad, he seemed to foresense how those who have received in their souls this stamp of the Wounds and Blood of Christ, sublime writings which, though they know it not, are their title to life everlasting, must become attentive to the call, and respond generously for they are elected in a special manner to share in the unending Passion and Crucifixion of the Son of God, experiences mystically present in the world until the end of time.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Labor Problem

REV. R. A. MCGOWAN

XII. Women and Industry

PRESENT industrial conditions are a tremendous burden upon women in the United States. Home life is grievously harmed and many millions of wives and mothers find the hand of industrial wrong reaching into their homes and leaving its mark upon them and their children. The number of women who have to enter industrial life as workers is growing very much, and women find themselves in relation with their employers weaker than men and more oppressed.

The relation of women to industry is usually called the problem of "women in industry." This takes the part for the whole. For there are more women in the home who are affected by industry than there are women who are themselves at work in industry. They meet industrial conditions from a different angle, but in every bit as vital a way as the women in the factory, the store, and the office. Not women *in* industry, but women *and* industry is the point at issue.

The wives in the home are the partners and helpmates of the men in the mines and factories, on the railroads, in the stores and the offices. The wages the husband gets, the hours he has to work, the unemployment he encounters, the danger he undergoes of disease, injury and death—these are not his interests alone. Some of these things touch the wife's life more than they do the husband's.

She is his wife and the mother of his children. If he doesn't get a decent living wage, she is the first to know it. She sees it in terms of herself and her husband, and the necessities of his and her decent existence. Most of all she sees it in terms of the health, comfort, and opportunities of her children. She sees the scanty meals, the crowded home, the unsatisfactory clothing and knows and feels and worries more about it than her husband. She knows in an intimate and detailed way. Wages, hours, and unemployment are not to her so many words in print. The "living wage" is not a matter of statistics with her. With her it comes down to food, clothing, shelter, warmth, and the decencies of life for her husband, herself and the children. In a vastly simple and elemental way she knows what the labor problem is. The labor problem is

her problem, for it deals with the material foundations of a happy and comfortable home.

The wives, mothers, daughters and sisters of workingmen are in the industry even when they are not "women in industry." The home is in industry.

There is even a certain conflict of interests between workingmen and the wives of workingmen. Stranger still, there is a conflict of interests between the workingman and the workingwoman as prospective wife. Workingwomen are in competition with many workingmen, and since they can live on less money they usually are forced to work for less wages. This tends towards unemployment among men and the reduction of their wages; and this, in turn, reacts upon the wives and children of the men who have lost their jobs or whose wages have been cut by the entrance of large numbers of women into industrial and commercial life. In addition, it lessens the opportunity workingwomen enjoy of becoming married, and, when married, of rearing a happy family of children.

IT is all tremendously complicated. Women have to go out to work because the family needs their money to live in decent comfort. It becomes the custom for women to work and many who do not have to work get positions. There is not as much house work to be done now as formerly, and the inactivity at home drives some to search for something that will occupy their minds. Marriages are delayed and still other women secure work outside the home. Women remain at work after marriage to piece out the family income or because they prefer industrial, commercial, or professional work to the task, or in addition to the task, of making a home and rearing a family.

The situation is serious. The number of women in industry is growing. In 1920, over a million and a half more women were working in industry, trade, and clerical occupations and in the professions than in 1910. There were about five and a quarter million women and girls at work at these occupations in 1920 and another three and a quarter millions in agriculture and domestic service. One

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out of every five persons at work is a woman. Exclude agriculture and mining and one out of every four persons at work is a woman.

All this is a sign of the low wages and salaries of fathers of families; it is a sign of broken homes and delayed marriages. The Bishops' Program of Social Reconstruction says that "the proportion of women in industry ought to be kept within the smallest practical limits." This will not be accomplished until the men of the country get steady work and at least living wages. When that comes the men will be able to marry and support their wives and daughters and so many women will not have to go out to work.

But here and now there remains the fact that a great many women are at work in industry, that they are relatively weaker than men when they "bargain" for wages and salaries, that fewer of them belong to unions, and that they need the special protection of the Government more than men to keep them from being implacably exploited.

The Bishops' Program of Social Reconstruction says two things about the wages and salaries of women. It stands for their getting at least enough to support themselves in decent comfort. It says also that "those women who are engaged at the same tasks as men should receive equal pay for equal amounts and qualities of work."

THE normal way to establish wages and salaries is by bargaining and since an individual worker is usually weaker than the employer, the normal way to decide wages and salaries is by collective bargaining. It follows that women, just as men, should join unions, use their union for its normal purpose and make it as effective as possible. The labor union movement in the United States is predominantly a man's movement for obvious reasons. But likewise for obvious reasons women are coming to the front in the unions and are getting greater consideration from the men than formerly. There is even an active and strong Women's Trade Union Educational League and several of the unions are making special efforts to appeal to women workers.

But the very weakness of woman is against her. She is new to industry. She is looking forward naturally and laudably to marriage. She is an exile from the home and she wishes to return

there. In simple truth the home is her rightful sphere. Many women occupy clerical positions and they are burdened with the tradition of clerical positions in this country and the friendly basis upon which they stand with their employer or immediate superior. A great many of them are paid low wages and there are many willing to take their places. All in all, they find it hard to organize effectively and secure for themselves decent wages and decent conditions of work.

And for these reasons more legislation has been invoked to protect women than men. There has grown up a body of protective legislation for women that while far from satisfactory is at any rate a decided help to women in industry.

The Bishops' Program of Social Reconstruction advocates minimum wage legislation for women. It wants the several states "to enact laws providing for the establishment of wage rates that will be at least adequate for the decent individual support of a female worker." The context shows that the Bishops' Program wishes these minimum wage rates ultimately raised to the point where they will allow a saving to provide against sickness, accidents, invalidity and old age.

Until this latter point is reached, the Program says, there is need of social insurance against illness, invalidity, unemployment and old age. The insurance fund should be collected as far as possible from the industry itself and never from employees who are not getting higher than decent living wages.

THE BISHOPS' PROGRAM does not discuss other standards for women workers, but this omission, necessary in a brief program, has been provided for by the Catholic women's organizations themselves. The National Council of Catholic Women, an organization federating nearly nine hundred women's organizations throughout the country and embracing in addition another nine thousand individual members, passed a resolution at its last convention which goes into the problem of women in industry in great detail. These organized Catholic women of the country endorsed unreservedly the program of the U. S. Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor for a living wage, an eight hour day, proper sanitary equipment, and facilities for rest and recreation. This comprises the fundamental standards.

Saints and Sinners

Luis Coloma, S. J.

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS

Curra is an intriguing woman of high society in Madrid. She habitually neglects her husband, son, and daughter, and involves herself in various political and personal schemes of a questionable character.

A revolution which forces the Italian usurper Amadeo from the Spanish throne and establishes a republic in Spain, drives many Spanish loyalists, Curra among them, to Paris. There she meets Jacob Tellez, husband of Elvira, Marchioness of Sabadell, whom he has deserted, he being a libertine and politician of the worst type. Although formerly Spanish Ambassador to Constantinople, he has been compelled to flee from that city because of a crime committed there. Passing through Italy, Victor Emmanuel entrusts him with important Masonic documents for Amadeo. Upon learning that Amadeo is no longer king, he steals the documents, hoping thereby to procure wealth and political power. The Masonic seals he gives, rashly, to "Uncle Frasquito," an unsubstantial old fop.

Finding himself in dire financial need, Jacob seeks reconciliation with his wife, but in this he is foiled by Fr. Cifuentes and the Marchioness of Villasis. Curra becomes infatuated with him; he visits her home frequently; she keeps him well supplied with money. Subsequently his ardent attention to another woman arouses her jealousy. She manages to insult the "incognita" cleverly, but is paid back, just as cleverly, in kind.

Meanwhile Jacob receives a letter containing a blank sheet of paper, folded in two, to which is glued a Masonic seal, exactly similar to the one which he had taken from the Masonic documents which had been entrusted to him. Terrified, he hastens to Uncle Frasquito, only to learn that the seals have been stolen from him, and that he has been receiving innumerable letters from various places all containing one, single word, "idiot". He hastens to Italy, and interviews his friend, Garibaldi, who extricates him from his frightful predicament by giving him letters to H. Neptune, an influential Mason. Jacob then returns to Paris, and is reconciled to Curra, whom he has greatly offended by not informing her of his whereabouts.

About this time a strong political movement is begun in Spain to place Alphonso, son of Isabella, the last lawful queen of Spain, on the throne. Jacob, anxious to obtain a place in the new ministry, proceeds at once, with Curra and his friends, to Madrid. Alphonso becomes King, but Jacob does not obtain the coveted place in his cabinet. He does receive a letter containing on a white sheet of paper the red seal which had been attached to the stolen Masonic documents. Victor Emmanuel is dead, so Jacob writes a letter to H. Neptune, appealing for protection. He receives an answer, giving him an appointment "in Calle de X.... between twelve and one...." This letter is signed, "Senora de Rosales". Curra gets possession of it first, and is greatly disconcerted. Resealing the letter, she gives it to Jacob, who is at first puzzled by the signature, but understands it as done to conceal "all Masonic character". He keeps the appointment and is murdered. The murderers escape. Curra is converted. The conclusion.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER XV.

ALFONSO TELLEZ-PONCE, alias Tapon, although possessing the heart of an angel, was filled with a gay spirit of mischief, which made him a fascinating idol to his companions and a constant torment to his teachers. His intentions could not have been better on the morning of which we write. The following day, being the Rector's birthday, was to be celebrated by a trip to the seashore near Biarritz. The unhappy Tapon, undergoing an enforced seclusion through sentences imposed on three or four separate occasions, firmly decided to gain a dispensation from his punishments by careful attention to his studies and conduct for an entire day.

Accordingly he leapt up at the first sound of the rising bell, washed himself with care, and fell

promptly into line to enter the chapel, where he heard Mass with the fervor of a St. Aloysius Gonzaga. So far so good; but on leaving the chapel, the spirit of mischief got the better of him and he facetiously pulled the coat of the boy in front of him. In the study-hall, however, he said the morning offering with attention, but then, from sheer force of habit, threw the lesson books of his neighbor to his left on the floor as he opened the top of his desk with unction. He was about to begin to study. He had finished rhetoric the year before, and during the present year he was studying mathematics.

To-day he was to determine the radius of a sphere, and with extreme care he took out his book, his compasses, and white paper, on which the im-

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portant experiment would take place. Father Bonnat, in charge of the study-hall, watched him from his high tribunal, astonished at his diligence. With a sudden swing of the compass Tapon drew a neat circle. It was like a full moon! Yet it looked rather like the face of that Mme. Dous who sold delicious sausages at the gate of Bayonne. That was odd! With great care Tapon drew in two eyes with his compass, and that no detail might be lacking, he added two ears and a bow on the top of her head.

Pleased with the result he showed it to his neighbors. A hand came from behind him and snatched the paper. Heavens! Tapon turned round quickly and saw Father Bonnat. An excellent opportunity to request the general dispensation from punishment!

"So this is the way in which you prepare your lessons!" said the Father sternly. Tapon replied with dignity that he had drawn the picture in a moment of distraction without even realizing it.

"Well, you will have no dessert to-day, and you will do without the picnic to-morrow."

TAPON burst into tears, pushed his book to one side and the compass to the other, and leaning his head upon both arms soon became absorbed in contemplation of his inkstand in spite of his tears. A fly was crawling around it and Tapon thought that he would catch it as a slight distraction from his sorrow. Cautiously approaching his hand he trapped the unwary invader by the feet. Tapon then decided to convert it into an instrument of vengeance. He wrote on a small piece of tissue paper "Death to Father Bonnat!" and twisting the paper into a point, he stuck it to the fly's back. He then opened his hand and the fly flew off, bearing the paper behind him like a tail. Tapon was delighted.

In less than ten minutes there were ten flies floating around the room carrying sedition and the fatal cry of "Death to Father Bonnat!" The entire study-hall took up the game. One student wrote "Long live liberty." Another, in an irreverent mood, "Down with the Jesuits!", while a third penned the reactionary cry of "Long live Charles III!"

Of all the boys in the room only Luis, though not much interested in the book on the desk in front of him, contented himself with merely smiling

quietly at the flight of the flies, without taking part in the game. Seated behind him was a boy of Malay type who had quarrelled often with Luis and had felt the effect of his powerful fists. With great care he wrote a long sentence on a piece of tissue paper, and after fastening it according to the Tapon method to a particularly large fly, and looking around to see if anyone noticed him, he threw it with all his force at Luis' head. The fly soared into the air, but alighted on the shoulder of the lad in front of Luis, borne down by the weight of the paper. The latter smiled and with a quick movement of his hand caught it by the paper tail. Pleased with his acquisition, the boy began to read the contents of the epistle. As he deciphered it, his face turned a vivid red, and turning quickly round in his seat, he fixed a look of hatred upon the inoffensive Tapon, who had just hurled into the air his sixteenth warcry of "Death to Father Bonnat!"

The Malay had been watching this scene with pleased malignity. Luis turned round slowly and buried his head in his hands as though crushed. Trembling with rage he buried his fingernails in his flesh. He had found on the slip of paper a coarse jest, in which his mother's name had been allied with that of Jacob, and which was signed with the name of the son of that hated creature, the same Alfonsito Tellez, the quite inoffensive Tapon.

What a tragic blow! The lad, accustomed through long suffering to hide his feelings, controlled his tears and rage. But an hour afterwards when the bell had called the students to their classes, he still sat quietly with his head in his hands, with no sign of life save an occasional shudder which passed violently through his frame. Father Bonnat thought that he was asleep, and drew his hands from his face. He then noticed his flushed face and staring eyes and felt his hot hands.

"What is it, my son? Are you ill? Have you a fever?"

"No, no, there is really nothing the matter," answered the boy, forcing a smile; and drawing himself away from the priest he ran off to his classroom . . .

The awakening of the students of the college the following morning was a joyous one. The college band on this day took the place of the usual bells which called the students from their sleep.

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Cheers for the Rector mingled with the sounds of music, and the scholars filled the dormitories and hallways of the college with boisterous life, checked only at the entrance to the chapel, where all heard Mass devoutly, and afterwards breakfasted quietly. Then came a moment of anxious suspense and expectation.

THE Prefect, stern administrator of justice, entered the room and called Tapon and six other unfortunate youths before him. There was consternation on all faces as the guilty boys were marshalled to the left, and a certain atmosphere of suspense and agitation in the air which is a sure forerunner of heroic deeds. A small boy, his face crimson, came from the body of the students and approached the Rector, who had just entered the room: "Please, Father, let the boys go to the picnic and I will stay in their place."

An exclamation of enthusiasm greeted the heroism of the pleader. The Rector raised his hand quietly, and said gravely: "You, sir, pleader of lost causes, will go on the picnic this very second; and these seven young gentlemen here will get out of my sight at once—" and the Rector again raised his hand as he continued in a tone of severity—"by going to the picnic also!"

A deafening roar of bravos greeted his command. Hats were hurled enthusiastically into the air as the pardoned criminals and their intercessor were carried off in triumph.

Upon a high cliff formed by gigantic rocks, against which the sea dashed in impetuous and menacing fury, the happy boys pitched their tents, and prepared to lunch and rest. Appetites were excellent and the food substantial. As he moved from one group of happy boys to another, Father Bonnat came across Luis seated in the midst of one of the larger groups. The boy seemed silent and thoughtful, his food untouched before him. One of his companions cried: "See, Father; Luis isn't eating anything!"

The latter turned hurriedly round and with forced geniality cried: "Not eating! Just look!" And with a single swallow he drained a glass of wine to the very dregs, and from that moment on became joyful and talkative. He rose a little later and began to glance about him as though he were seeking someone. By this time lunch had been

finished, and the boys had dispersed in all directions to amuse themselves with games. On a rock overlooking the sea, Tapon was carefully fishing. Luis came up to him from behind, and putting a hand on his shoulder, said in a strange voice: "Tapon! Come here!"

The latter raised his eyes, and on seeing the pale face and frowning eyes, changed color rapidly. But he at once dropped his fishing rod, and arose quietly.

"Walk on ahead," said Luis.

The boys began to descend a small path which lead from the top of the cliff to the rocky and sea-beaten coast below, Alfonso frightened and anxious, his companion still pale and frowning. When they had reached the rockier part of the coast, where single rocks stood out menacingly and abruptly, the noise of the waves was deafening and the shouts of the children at their games could be heard no longer. No one was in sight. There Tapon stopped abruptly, a large rock preventing further progress, and in a voice husky with fear, asked: "What is it that you want?"

LUIS could no longer control himself, and giving vent to all the hatred which he had nursed within his breast for years against the father of the innocent boy in front of him, cried out as he thrust a closed fist in the other's face: "What do I want? I want to kill you! I want to tear your heart out and throw it into the sea! There will be but one of us who will return to the college!"

And thrusting forward the fatal paper which he had captured from the fly the day before, Luis held it before the terrified eyes of Tapon: "Do you recognize this?"

Tapon glanced at the strange piece of paper, and overcome by the coarse jest he read, his pale cheeks reddened a moment as he said: "This is very wicked. It is a sin."

"Yes, a sin, and you wrote it!" cried the other. With a heavy blow he knocked Tapon down and hurled himself upon him with shrieks of rage, kicking the prostrate form, tearing at his hair, and knocking his head against the rocks, shrieking insults at the boy's mother and father, until, exhausted and breathless, he noticed that his hands were covered with blood. He fell back a step, pale and suddenly sick at heart, suffering that reaction which

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generous people feel when vengeance has been obtained and their victim lies prostrate at their feet. A sudden wave of pity swept over the boy, and in a hushed voice he said: "Tapon! You're bleeding!"

The latter sought to raise himself, moaning and repeating: "But I didn't write it! It wasn't I!" And then: "My father is dead—I never knew him: but my mother is a saint. Do you understand? I said a saint!"

Poor Luis was now completely overcome and he hastened to help the boy, who seemed about to faint. The blood flowed rapidly from a cut in his forehead, running down his face and staining his shirt. Luis helped him up, and supporting him under the arms, assisted him toward a deep well in the rocks on the edge of the sea, which the receding waves had left clear for the moment, in order to wash his wound. The boy permitted him to lead him onward, his head resting on Luis' shoulder. The latter now found that he had left his handkerchief higher up on the rocks; he must have it to bind Tapon's wounds, so he hurried back to secure it. In the meantime Tapon, sick and shaken from the severe handling he had received, and hardly conscious, leaned too far away from the rock and suddenly rolled over to the edge of the sea.

At that moment an enormous wave broke upon the shore and swallowed him up in its tremendous rush against the rocks. Luis gave a horrible cry, and stood with arms extended toward the great wave, which was sweeping an innocent boy from the world, in seeming fulfilment of an act of God's justice. He knew how to swim, and could save him—he would save him, even though he would dash his own brains out against the rocks in the attempt. He threw his clothes from him, as he stumbled across the rocks, tearing the skin from his legs against them without feeling the pain. He reached the top of the highest rock, and holding desperately to the end of it, leaned over and strained his eyes for a sign, if only a faint ripple in the water. There was nothing. Nothing!

"Oh, God! Blessed Lady of Sorrows! Help me to find him! I'll give my life in exchange! I don't hate him, I love him, and even his father! My God! I am sorry! Pardon me! He was good! My mother was the one who was wicked—she, she!"

There, twenty or thirty yards from the rock, the ocean stirred, forming slight circles! A small clenched hand appeared as though appealing for help. A flash, and another victim dove into the sea, with a cry for mercy which memory brought back from early childhood—

"Oh, Virgin of Sorrowful Remembrance,
Wilt thou remember me?"

Luis swam the distance desperately, diving beneath the water once, then swimming on its surface, diving a second time; then there appeared on the surface of the sea two little heads together, one fair, one dark. Again they disappeared amid a small circle of foam, hardly perceptible in that vast sea, broken only by a small white sail on the horizon afar off.

The following day two fishermen from Guetarry found the bodies of two children lying on a rock embracing one another tightly even in death. In the fearful struggle of the last agony, the scapular of one had become entangled round the neck of the other, and rested like a message from heaven upon the breasts of both. It was never known to which of the two the scapular had belonged in life. It was the emblem of Our Lady of Sorrowful Remembrance.

EPILOGUE

THE bell of the sanctuary at Loyola was ringing for the last Mass, and one of the brothers was engaged in a seemingly endless controversy with one of those tiresome devotees, who think that they assist in the triumph of the Church and the destruction of heresy by narrating to the faithful how Father A. had sneezed twice in succession, or that Father B. has lost the tassel off his biretta.

A lady in mourning came from the inn of the monastery, and slowly crossed the field, ascending the flight of steps which lead up to the sanctuary. She was tall and still youthful in appearance, but was bent by one of those misfortunes which drags the body toward the earth. The black veil which shaded her face did not hide a sad countenance on which was all too clearly marked an expression of perpetual grief. As she passed by the brother, he bowed to her with every sign of respect, while the devotee, in search of gossip, eagerly demanded her name.

"The Marchioness of Sabadell," replied the brother.

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The devotee let an expression of astonishment escape her, and followed the lady with her eyes, in which showed a sorrowful admiration. The lady disappeared within the gothic doorway of the House of Loyola. At the same time an ancient cab crossed the bridge of Catalangua, and, driving rapidly across the meadows, stopped at the foot of the stairway.

Another lady, also in mourning, stepped out of it. She was small and thin, with sunken face, hidden beneath a black veil, her red hair lined with white. No one in the countryside knew who she was. She had settled that summer in a house near the baths at San Juan, and had often been seen walking by the side of a large and undoubtedly weak-minded gentleman, who uttered strange cries and weird sounds of laughter from the invalid chair in which he moved, drawn by a small donkey, a man-servant or the lady herself. She was known, however, to the brother, who bowed reverentially to her as she also passed into the sanctuary. The devotee demanded the name of the new-comer.

"The Countess of Alborno," answered the brother drily.

The Countess entered the Holy House, which was filled with all classes of the faithful, laborers mixed with gentlemen, ladies with workingwomen in that equality which many preach but which is found only in the House of God.

The Countess of Alborno's dress touched that of her cousin, but she did not observe her as she knelt near her. The Marchioness of Sabadell, however, recognized her with a sudden look of horror, which showed the vivid impression made on her by the presence of this fatal woman whom she saw at that moment for the first time, the cause of so many violent catastrophes.

The Mass commenced before the statue of St.

Ignatius. The Countess of Alborno, pale and thin, looked round to seek some place upon which to sit, but not seeing one, sank humbly down on the cold stone floor. An old man, a beggar by appearance, arose from the end of a bench, and offered her the place. She thanked him with a kindly smile, but would not accept it. The time for Communion drew near. The priest opened the door of the tabernacle, and, turning toward the congregation, blessed rich and poor, the innocent and the repentent sinner, the criminal and the victim. All heads were bowed low and all knees bent in deep silence:

"Ecce Agnus Dei, ecce qui tollis peccata mundi!"

When and women approached the communion rail, and among them the Marchioness of Sabadell and the Countess of Alborno, the rivals of a past time, an innocent woman and the one time scandalous skeptic. An interval followed. The first Mass was finished, and a second had also been said. By degrees the people were leaving the sanctuary, until the Countess of Alborno alone remained kneeling by the altar, bowed under the weight of her body, arms crossed, a picture of humility annihilated by mercy. Behind her knelt the Marchioness of Sabadell, some distance in the rear, who for the first time since the death of her son felt the relief of tears.

Curra arose to her feet painfully, and the other arose likewise and left the chapel, pausing by the holy water fount by the door. There the Countess of Alborno met her face to face, and, seeing her, retreated backwards suddenly. But the other came toward her with one of those trifling movements at which men wonder and the angels rejoice. She dipped her fingers in the holy water and offered them to Curra.

THE END

A Dogmatist for Sure

REV. GABRIEL SWEENEY, C. P.

MR. RUPERT HUGHES has become very well known throughout America in the past few years. He is a prolific writer and facile with his pen. Also he has influence. And at times he uses his influence to mock at religion and ridicule Christian morality.

I find he is a clever manipulator of words: in fact his language could at times be called brilliant. He is well informed on a variety of subjects. But he is not a deep student. The plots and the situations in his novel are commonplace enough, and do not show a deep knowledge either of psychology or of human life. Like other writers of the same school he does not hesitate to discuss situations and reactions that decent writers do not care to treat at all.

His sneering at religion is neither original, nor, nowadays, daring. Such sneering has become popular and is considered smart. Besides, it requires the minimum of intellectual effort and commands the maximum of pecuniary compensation, especially to a writer of reputation. But in Mr. Hughes' writings it is so shallow and so prosy that I wonder how the author of "The Old Nest" can descend to it. To us, who are familiar with the slurs of the irreligious, Mr. Hughes' writings offer only a tiresome repetition of the shop-worn sneers—occasionally relieved by a clever mixture of fact, fancy or fallacy.

Perhaps his one outstanding characteristic—and this, too, is common enough among the writers who decry the Church for her uncompromising defense of Christian truth—is dogmatism.

This characteristic is sharply pronounced in an article on divorce, written by Mr. Hughes and recently published in the Hearst papers. (Jan. 17, in the Chicago Herald Examiner.)

We may say that the Church of Rome has never, in her most authoritative pronouncements, exceeded the assurance of Mr. Hughes, as shown in this article. And she is at least consistent in this: that she claims to speak with the infallible authority of God, while even Mr. Hughes, I am sure, will admit that even he may be wrong at times.

Let us have him speak for himself.

Being happily married himself, he is willing to let other people experiment until they find

equal contentment. Above all, I would not compel any man or woman to continue in a distressful bondage or keep out of any promised happiness just to satisfy my personal code or any personal god (*sic*) of my own."

I wonder. No doubt, if "some citizen of the republic" who agrees with Mr. Hughes were to invade his home in search of "promised happiness," Mr. Hughes would not let his personal code or a personal god of his own interfere with the comfort of his guest; but he would let him experiment until he found a contentment equal to Mr. Hughes' own.

I wonder, too, whether he really believes that Christian men and women seek only to uphold their own personal code or a mere personal god set up by themselves. If so, he ought to be taught that there are millions of men and women who sincerely believe—even in this age of progress—that the moral law was established by a Creator, Who is God, whether they believe it or not, and Who must be obeyed, whether they like it or not.

"So," he says, "I believe in free and easy divorces and cheap enough to be within the reach of the poor, just as I believe in free schools, free clinics, free press, free speech, free ballots, free thought—all within the reach of the poorest."

Mr. Hughes' conception of morality and the basis of morality is very, very hazy. But if I agreed with him what would prevent me from adding: "free food, free clothing, free transportation, free amusements, free revenge, free love—all within the reach of the poorest."

NOW far he believes in free speech is shown by the following paragraph from the same article: "If the state is to intervene in marriage any further, it ought to be by forcibly suppressing some of these loud-mouthed, foul-mouthed, narrow-minded, hard-shelled bigots, who denounce as adulterous sinners honest citizens who marry and divorce according to law." Let me point out here, that if there is any ground for argument on this divorce question, these forcefully described gentlemen have the same right to their opinion as Mr. Hughes has to his: that if, by any chance, they should be right and he wrong—the so-called "honest citizens" are exactly what these "bigots" say they are; and the "bigots," in turn, would have as

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much reason for indignation—and abuse—as Mr. Hughes thinks he has now. Moreover, the argument is not closed simply because Mr. Hughes has made up his mind. If he is sure that he is right, why does he grow so bitter? He can afford to be calm. "Truth is great and it shall prevail."

Mr. Hughes believes just as strongly in "free schools." Listen! "The state has already taken control of children's education. In Oregon at the last election the religious schools were forbidden to interfere." Mr. Hughes is not, of course, a "bigot." He is broad-minded and believes that parents must be free to send their children to any school that Mr. Hughes approves of. The rest, he would "suppress forcibly," I suppose. This really has little or nothing to do with divorce, but it makes copy—and Mr. Hughes is very likely paid by the word—and the editors are kind, if the words are popular.

The next passage does deal with divorce: "Christ did not describe any marriage ceremony, though according to texts of uncertain authenticity, He discarded the divorce laws that His Father handed down to the Jews, and forbade anybody to get a divorce except the husband of an unfaithful wife. He did not permit a wife to go free under any circumstances."

I cannot read this passage without impatience. Mr. Hughes does not believe in Christ or in His Father. I do. And to me, his statement to them is nothing short of blasphemous.

If Mr. Hughes knew so much about these texts, is it conceivable that he did not know more?

ST. MARK, for instance, quotes Our Lord thus: "Whosoever shall put away his wife and marry another committeth adultery against her. And if the wife shall put away her husband, and be married to another she committeth adultery."

Mr. Hughes' appeal to the suffragists, like his appeals to class hatred in other parts of the article, is ill-disguised and out of character with a sincere searcher after truth. The truth is, "Christ did not, nor does the Catholic Church, permit either husband or wife to go free."

"Whenever there has been a refusal to grant divorces there has always been a loophole for those with money or influence. They avoid the horror of divorce by the graceful device of annulment. . . The enemies of divorce have never been embarrassed by any amount of misery or immorality. It

is the remedy they abhor, not the disease."

As examples to the contrary—fairly easy to be got at—that put Mr. Hughes in the dilemma of acknowledging either ignorance or insincerity—we might cite the cases of Philip the Fair, Henry VIII. of England, and Napoleon. Surely these men had both money and influence. Henry tried the "graceful device of annulment" to no purpose.

As to abhorring the remedy, Christians do not consider divorce a remedy, but a disease. We abhor both immorality and divorce. There is this point we would like to make—though Mr. Hughes may not be able to appreciate it: We Catholics regard a man who commits a crime, knowing that it is a crime, to be much less of a menace to morality and society than one who, while not committing it—owing, it may be, to circumstances, stoutly maintains and teaches that to commit it is no crime at all. The former may repent of his crime. The latter is always a potential criminal.

THE task I set myself to accomplish grows tiresome. I am glad to have it relieved by

Mr. Hughes' delicate humor in quoting Martin Luther. Mr. Hughes believes in Martin Luther as much as I do. He would have been flayed unmercifully by the boorish reformer had he made this statement in 1520! "In these days we look for results, not dogmas, for deeds, not creeds." It is evident that Rupert Hughes is as much in opposition to Christianity on one side as Martin Luther was on the other. Did the Church only step from between them they would destroy each other.

The Puritans whom he cites, no doubt humorously, were model champions of the religious freedom that is so dear to the heart of Rupert Hughes.

The rest of the article is made up of just such captious, irrelevant statements, written in the same egotistic and dogmatic manner. One: "Divorce has no more to do with general morality than the weather," shows an amazing misconception of what morality really means.

"Let Freedom reign!"

"Let us never forget what history has so bloodily taught—that the most dangerous person in the world is not the criminal, the careless, the irresponsible, but the tyrant who is determined to enforce his or her own will upon society. And tyrants always pretend and often believe that they work for the public good!"

The Appeal of Jesus Crucified

The articles in this section, while intended primarily for members of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion, will be helpful to all. They will serve as a guide to lead us to the Cross, there to learn the measure of Christ's love for us and to gath-



er strength against our own sinfulness. We ask all our readers to join the Archconfraternity. Its obligations are few and easy. Address THE SIGN for application blanks. Leaflets on the Passion supplied free.

THE HUMILIATIONS AND DISGRACE OF JESUS

"The High-Priest rent his garments, saying: 'He has blasphemed!' Then did they spit in His face and buffet Him." (Luke XXII).

When Jesus, before the Jewish Sanhedrin, was falsely accused of most horrid crimes. He remained silent. "Answerest Thou nothing to the things which these witness against Thee," said the High-Priest, but Jesus was silent. Then the High-Priest rising up, said: "I adjure Thee by the living God, that Thou tell us if Thou be the Christ, the Son of God." Jesus said: "I am. Nevertheless, I say to you, hereafter you shall see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of the power of God, and coming in the clouds of heaven." Then the High-Priest rent his garments, saying: "He

hath blasphemed! What further need have we of witnesses? Behold now you have heard the blasphemy. What think you?" They all answered: "He is guilty of death."

"Then did they spit in His face and buffet Him. And others struck His face with the palm of their hands. And the men that held Him, mocked Him and struck Him and blindfolded Him and smote His face, saying: prophecy to us, O Christ, who is he that struck Thee? And blaspheming, many other things they said against Him."

FIRST PART OF MEDITATION

(Considerations and Affections directed to Jesus)

CONSIDER THE HUMILIATIONS AND DISGRACE INFLICTED ON JESUS: It was a few hours after midnight, when Jesus was condemned by the Jewish Sanhedrin. There still remained some hours till morning when they could bring Him to Pontius Pilate. During this time, tradition tells us, Jesus was confined in a dungeon where He was carefully guarded by the officers of the High-Priest. Writers on ancient Jewish law and customs tell us that as soon as the Sanhedrin had pronounced death sentence against a criminal, he was considered as having lost the rights of Jewish citizenship and that the judges would then rise from their seats and spit in his face to express their scorn and contempt. So now in the case of Jesus, no sooner are the fatal words pronounced—"He is guilty of death"—than they spit in His face.

This first outrage was but the signal for the

attendants—the menials of the court—to imitate their superiors. Not once, but again and again, all through the remaining hours of that horrid night, these vile wretches mocked and insulted Jesus and made sport of Him. "Then the men that held Him

mocked Him and struck Him." He had just said, in response to the solemn adjuration of the High-Priest, that He was the Christ, the Messiah, the Son of the Living God, and He foretold His coming in the clouds of heaven at the last day. So now these cruel men conceive the idea of testing His spirit of prophecy. They blindfolded His eyes and striking His face with the palms of their hands, they cried out: "Prophecy to us, O Christ, who he is that struck Thee." And as He gave them no answer, they pushed Him and struck Him and pulled His hair



CAIPHAS, THE HIGH-PRIEST
RENDS HIS GARMENTS

and plucked His beard and defied Him and cursed Him and "blaspheming, many other things they said against Him", says the Evangelist. Surely, "it was their hour and the hour of the power of darkness",

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as Jesus had told them when He gave Himself into their hands in the Garden of Gethsemani.

Now was being fulfilled to the letter the prophecies concerning Him: "I have given my body to the strikers, and my cheeks to them that plucked them: I have not turned away my face from them that rebuked me, and spit upon me" (Is. L.:6). "But I am a worm and no man; the reproach of men, and the outcast of the people" (Ps. XXI:7). "All they that saw me have laughed me to scorn" (Ps. XXI: 8). "They have opened their mouths against me, as a lion ravening and roaring" (Ps. XXI). "For many dogs have encompassed me: the council of the malignant hath besieged me" (Ps. XXI: 17).

Draw a vivid picture of this scene as if it were actually happening before your eyes. Look at the members of the Sanhedrin, passing before Him and spitting into His sacred face. See Him roughly seized by the attendants, bound as a criminal and dragged to the prison below.

Next look at Jesus and consider the feelings of His Sacred Heart. To be slapped in the face and spit upon are the worst affronts that can be offered to any man—the most malicious expression of contempt and indignity that it is in the power of one man to inflict upon another.

"Oh, my Jesus, my Jesus, I offer Thee my sympathy; What shame and humiliations are Thine! I'm utterly confounded by the mystery! God spat upon! God slapped in the face by His own creatures! I venerate and worship Thy Sacred Face. Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God, the fairest among the children of men. Would that I could make reparation for these insults!" (Continue making such affections and acts as long as you experience fervor, for, remember, it is chiefly in the affections or acts of the will that Mental Prayer consists, and not merely in the Considerations.)

SECOND PART OF MEDITATION

(Considerations and Affections directed to our own Spiritual Improvement)

CONSIDER THE MYSTERY: There is a mystery—a profound meaning in this part of Christ's Passion. There is a distinct reason and purpose for every part of Christ's Passion. Jesus became man purposely to make perfect atonement for human sin. The principle of Divine Atonement is: that the sinner must suffer in those things where-

by he has sinned. As the Victim for every sin, Jesus was now required to make distinct atonement for each distinct kind of sin committed by men.

It is not difficult, then, to understand the meaning and reason of the humiliation and disgrace of Jesus. It was for human *pride* that Jesus was required to endure this most bitter part of His Sacred Passion. Pride is an inordinate craving for all that exalts us and makes us great in our own eyes and in the eyes of others; an inordinate desire for the esteem, admiration and praise and honors of our fellow-men. Pride is not one single sin, it is a fruitful source or root of innumerable sins—a Capital Sin.

Now, what reparation, what atonement, can suffice for all the Pride of the children of Eve from the beginning of the world down to the day of Judgment. How must that innocent Victim be treated Who has made Himself responsible for all this Pride of man?

Ah, seize Him, mock Him, ridicule Him, abuse Him, strike Him on the head, slap Him in the face, spit into His Sacred Countenance, kick Him, throw Him into the mud, trample upon Him, heap every conceivable insult, outrage, disgrace, and humiliation upon Him. This is the punishment which human pride merits. Thus does the Victim for human pride deserve to be treated.

APPLICATION TO YOUR OWN SOUL:

"Thus, my Jesus, didst Thou suffer for my pride. Alas! how proud I have been from childhood even to this hour and how many sins has not this pride caused in my life! Yet, how little I have feared pride and how slight has been my sorrow for it! O, Jesus, disgraced and humiliated, it is I who deserve to be mocked, insulted and disgraced. Ah, if my fellowmen could see me as You see me, how justly might they spit upon and despise me! Ah, grant me true humility—humility of intellect, humility of heart, and humility of will, that, contemning and despising myself now, I may not be contemned and despised in hell for all eternity." (Continue in such acts as long as you experience fervor.)

FRUIT OF MEDITATION: To set ourselves to uproot pride by the practice of humility, both before God and men.

EJACULATION: "Jesus, meek and humble of heart, make my heart like unto Thine." (300 Days' Indulgence.)

With the Junior Readers



of The Sign

The Cinema

Amy Scamman

Across the screen caper the shadow-men:
One stumbles, with a smile he is up again,
Another so bravely the villain brings low,
A maiden advances her smile to bestow,
Aware of the evil that might have been.

Beyond in the darkness peer faces
Of children with queerest grimaces;
Their eyes now aglow with gladness or fear,
Now yielding their token of pity, a tear,
At the shadow-men's make-believe paces.

O children, remember Gethsemane!
When night falls and now 'neath the olive tree
Not shadows are they that clearly discover
To the Eyes of a God and the Heart of a Lover,
The dark deeds of sinful humanity.

A Salute for the Priest

CATHOLIC boys and men ordinarily salute a priest upon meeting him in public. Sometimes there is hesitation arising, not from human respect, but from doubt whether the clergyman is one of their own. It has been discovered that ministers now commonly wear the same street attire as priests do. It would be a pity if, on that account, this fine old custom went out of use. Lest this should happen, make it a rule always to give the salute to one dressed as a priest. You can intend it as an act of courtesy to any clergyman. We quote here the remarkable comments of an Anglican minister, showing how flattered they are by such courtesy and reminding you of the motive you should have in saluting those who are truly priests:

"When a priest walks along the crowded streets of a city he is impressed by the large number of people who greet him with some act of reverence. Boys and men make a military salute or uncover their heads; older men bow and sometimes even make a courtesy with extreme respect; sometimes one hears them whispering, 'Praised

be Jesus Christ,' or more likely the words are spoken in some foreign tongue. He is not allowed to forget for a moment that he is a priest."

"But what of our own clergy?" inquires this Anglican minister. "Are our priests and bishops representatives of Jesus Christ; are they fellow-workers with Him; have they been taken up by Him into His glorious High Priesthood? If not, what are they? . . . If they are the representatives of Jesus Christ, why not treat them with some respect when we meet them on the street? Why not train our children to show them reverence and honor? There may indeed be the possibility that they sometimes salute a Roman Catholic priest; but then are not Roman Catholic priests the ministers of Christ and stewards of the mysteries of God as well as our own clergy? (!) Besides, Roman Catholics by the thousands salute our clergy. . . . Why should we not return the courtesy?"

A Contrast

FROM what your catechism tells you about the sacrament of Holy Orders you can judge why the Anglican minister may be claiming more than he is really entitled to in expecting Catholics to salute him. Many stories of the Great War revealed how the chaplains were differently appreciated by the soldiers when in distress and danger. Often was the contrast remarked between what the Catholic priest and the ordinary minister had to offer in the way of real aid and consolation. Here is another story to the point; we leave it in the Scotch dialect:

An old, bed-ridden fisherman was frequently visited in his last illness by a kind-hearted clergyman who wore one of those close-fitting clerical vests that button behind.

The clergyman saw the near approach of death one day in the old man's face and asked him if his mind was perfectly at ease.

"Oo aye; I'm a' rich," came the feeble reply.

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"You are sure there is nothing troubling you? Do not be afraid to tell me."

The old man seemed to hesitate, and at length, with a faint return of animation, said:

"Weel, there's just one thing that troubles me, but I dinna like to speak o't."

"Believe me, I am most anxious to comfort you," replied the clergyman. "Tell me what it is that troubles and perplexes you."

"Weel, sir, it's just like this," said the old man eagerly. "I canna for the life o' me mak' oot hoo ye manage tae get intae that westcoat."

Inspiration for Our Juniors

THE following letter comes to Daddy Senn Fu from the boy members of the 7th grade in a school in which there is keen competition between the boys and girls in helping our Chinese missionaries:

Dear Father:—

Hurrah! we won again. When we wrote the letter last month we said that we would beat the girls again, and we did. The girls say they won. There are 16 boys, they gave eleven dollars; and 25 girls, they gave fourteen dollars and ninety cents. Sister says the boys won according to number. Who do you think won, the boys or the girls? At first the girls were very stubborn about it, seeing they lost, but after a half hour or so they gave in, for they saw they had been defeated.

Before the girls knew how much we had they were quite happy, but after we told them how much we had, some of them almost burst into tears. It was a great victory over the girls to hold the honor of winning for two months in succession. We will allow the girls to name the babies after them this month. Two girls are going to bring the money on Sunday. If they say the boys lost give them your opinion on the subject. I think you will be the best judge as you favor neither the boys nor the girls. The girls think that Sister favors the boys, but the boys don't think so. We will try to start the New Year right by beating the girls again. Most times the third time you try to do a thing, that's the time you fail. Nevertheless we will try, and time will tell who will be the victor next month.

We hope our Mission fund is doing some good in China as to the conversion of Chinese souls.

Wishing you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, I remain,

Your affectionate Crusader,

J. L.

P. S.—Next month you will have some more Chinese babies to name after the boys.

Prize Composition

THE MOST SOLEMN PART OF THE MASS

The most solemn part of the Mass is, of course, the very moment when the dear Son of God offers Himself again for the sake of ungrateful children in a still wicked world. There, at the bidding of one of His chosen priests, He wills to come down to our altars and really change the bread and wine into His Body and Blood, that it may become the strengthening food of our souls.

It is a great privilege to be the one who rings the bell to tell the people in the church that the holy moment is approaching, and to sound it again in joyous tones when the miracle has come to pass. It will always be my prayer at this great time that my hand be free from sin, so that in ringing the bell I may be worthy to do so, and that my heart may be pure enough to make me ask our dear Lord to come to live in it and make me really His dear son.

REA POWERS,

St. Joseph's School, West Hoboken, N. J.

HONORABLE MENTION:

Donald McGrath, Immaculate Conception School, Trenton, N. J.

Elizabeth Doherty, St. Elizabeth's School, Bernardsville, N. J.

Andrew V. Blahut, Pittsburgh, SS. Pa.

Agnes M. Kelley, Exeter Boro, Pa.

Mary Fromm, Mt. Oliver, Pa.

Mary Szkoe, Wharton, N. J.

Frances M. Thompson, Brooklyn.

Daddy admits that it was hard to decide whose essay was the most meritorious among the foregoing. Finally, other things being quite equal he yielded the prize to one whose privilege it is to serve at the altar and who tells us impressively how well he appreciates all that that privilege implies.

The subject for the next competition is GETHSEMANE. In a composition of 300 words or less try to tell what you know about the place, what our Lord did and suffered there and why. Competition open until March 10 to boys and girls up to and including eighth grade. The best essay will be published in the April SIGN and will be rewarded with a handsome prize.

Address

DADDY SENN FU,

With the Passionists in China

Arrival of Missionaries—A Red-Letter Day in Shanghai

FROM Shanghai comes the second installment of Father Dominic's letter in which he gives us some interesting facts and experiences gathered on



the trip made by himself and Fathers Paul and Kevin. What impresses us most in the letter is the fervent zeal of Mr. Lo. It should surely

prove an incentive to our interest in the Chinese missions to know that it is possible by our prayers and alms to make Chinese Catholics of the high type represented by Mr. Lo. The letter reads:

I take up my story where I left off rather abruptly yesterday. Was anxious to mail what I had written on the steamer sailing today for the United States.

You will remember that I was telling you how glad were Mr. Lo, and his friends on learning that the Good Shepherd Nuns of New York were willing to make a foundation in China. These Nuns could accomplish wonderful things for souls right here in this huge city of scarlet sins.

Perhaps you will be pleased to hear of an incident, one of many Mr. Lo has been telling us, of how he works among all classes. He was traveling to a neighboring city when he noticed on the train an attractive Chinese girl. From one of her male friends he discovered she was a person of ill-repute and was on her way home to visit her dying father. This information was all that Mr. Lo required to start him on a work of redemption for herself and father. He found out her address; and as soon as the train stopped at the town where her father was dying, he called a rickshaw, and, in order

not to meet the girl on the way, traveled with all haste to her home. But she had arrived before him and inquired what was his business. He answered that he had heard of the illness of her father, and, as he had some medical skill, he had come to give him what help he could. He was admitted to the house at once. He spoke kindly to the sick man, instructed him in the Faith and baptised him. The man died while Mr. Lo was still there and that home was all the happier for the visit he had made.

Such incidents as this are everyday occurrences in Mr. Lo's life. He can count his baptisms not by the hundreds but by the thousands. By the way, he always carries some baptismal water with him in a small silver tube. Hardly a day passes that he does not baptize a child or an adult. Yesterday I had the very good fortune to meet him again. I asked him for a picture of himself and his co-laborers. When he heard

that it would spur American interest in the Chinese missions, he gladly gave it to me.

Mr. Doyle, one of our great friends here in Shanghai, kindly consented to mail it to you along with the other picture of Mr. Lo's family, and the two letters of my story. The priests on the picture are Jesuit Fathers. The workers are divided into four groups. Each group, with its own leader, has its special district. They work in these districts on Sundays and sometimes on Saturday evenings. In fact, yesterday, while we were guests of Mr. Tsu, he excused himself and went out to visit four places where he was to give instructions. One of these places is a large prison, in the courtyard of which he addresses the prisoners.

But I'm getting ahead of my story. Thursday night after supper with Mr. Lo we went to his private chapel for night prayers and a hymn to our Blessed Lady, who reigns in his house as in his heart. Then bidding us all a good-



MR. LO AND FAMILY

THE † SIGN

night, which for some of us was a good-bye, we were driven home by Mr. Lo.

Friday passed uneventually, except that Father Kevin was again called upon to say Mass at the hospital.

Forgot to tell you that the day after our arrival we stopped at the Catholic Club for tea about 4 p. m. We remained until 7. It was here that we met some prominent Catholics of Shanghai. Some of these are Americans; the others come from Ireland and England. They were kindness itself to us, and were much attached to Father Celestine, who had quite won his way into their hearts while awaiting our arrival here. The Catholic Club has for its chief purpose the keeping of the Catholics of the section where it is located interested in the practice of their religion. The members were desirous to have Father Celestine remain with them and be their chaplain.

At the club we met Mr. and Mrs. Norman, Mr. and Mrs. Fatlock, Mrs. Jones, Mr. Cotter, Mr. Reilly, and three young Americans who are to be ordained to the holy priesthood next year. These are Mr. Erb, Mr. Colber, and Mr. McLaughlin. I must make special mention of Mr. Doyle (sometimes called Dinty Doyle) of the China Press. He is true to the finest type of American Catholic gentleman. He has taken it upon himself to welcome all the missionaries, look after their wants and find them a home. In fact, he takes good care of them in all ways he can. He is a fine fellow whose better half is just as good as himself. "Dinty" hails from Boston. We also met at the club three young priests who are on their way to the Belgian mission. Indeed, we have been meeting so many missionaries, priests, sisters and brothers, that we could not help remarking that the cause of China is being well taken care of. But then look at the work to be done—approximately four hundred millions to be converted!

Saturday morning Mr. Lo came to visit us again at the Spanish Procure. He was as interesting as ever in his description of the great work to be done here. On leaving he wished to make a considerable donation for our missions in North Hunan. Of course, we refused to accept it as we knew his own big needs in Shanghai. A wonderful man, this Mr. Lo! He prays and works all the day through. He never passes a church without making a long visit. Every evening at 4 p. m. he assists at Benediction in the General Hospital, and daily recites the full Rosary and the Office of the Blessed Virgin. Yet he is one of the biggest and most active business men in this great city.

The Bishop of Shanghai is the Rt. Rev. Proper Paris, S. J. Two days ago he was not at home when, at the suggestion of Mr. Lo, we called to see him. We were fortunate in finding him home today. He was delighted when we told him that within a few years there would be a band of about 25 American Passionists, laboring in North Hunan. He said that it is a good thing for the members of one or-

der to take over the management of a district.

After our visit the Bishop accompanied us to the Spanish Procure where we were to get our baggage ready for the boat to sail that night. We were to take dinner with Mr. Tsu. This dear, good, saintly man called for us at noon. As I got into the car with him, I could see him stealthily put away his beads which he had been saying while waiting for us. He is the same type of man as Mr. Lo. They are partners in every good work for the Church in China. Mr. Tsu is considerably older than Mr. Lo. He has a brother in the priesthood and a son studying at Dayton University, Ohio.

When dinner was over, Mr. Ignatius Lo gave us a drive around the city. Later we went to "Dinty" Doyle's home, where we had a most pleasant visit. At 4 p. m. we were in the General Hospital for Benediction. Here we bade farewell to Mr. Lo and some of his co-laborers. We were deeply moved at this separation. We had become, during our short acquaintance, most intimate. Mr. Lo, I



SOME JESUIT FATHERS AND DISTRICT LAY-WORKERS.

THE † SIGN

believe, really cared for us; and I loved and could have hugged him, so dear had he made himself to us—just like a great big brother. He said that he would be with us in all our work and promised us the help of his prayers.

We were to leave from the Spanish Procure. The Augustinians were more than brothers to us during our short stay with them. Father Costrillo and Father Nicholas vied with each other in their kind treatment of us. We admired and loved them from the first.

When leaving we knew that our love and admiration had not been misplaced. They accompanied us to the boat where we bade them good-bye with a mutual promise of prayers.

As we stood on the wharf Mr. Brown, of New York, a member of the Catholic Club, came to see us off. While we were gaily chatting with him along came dear little Father Cairns, Maryknoll's Procurator at Hong Kong. We had a good hour of happy conversation with him.

Well, I must close now if I am to get this off this afternoon at Woo Hoo. I have a whole lot to write you which I will send as soon as I get time. The burden of it all is this: The mission field here is immense; the laborers are few in comparison with the huge needs of the country; there are vast opportunities for doing God's work; the missionaries' labors must fructify in untold measure. Thank God, we are in for the work here with all our strength and whole-heartedly.

The Latest from Father Raphael

JUST a few lines from the Baby Farm of Hunan. The number of abandoned infants that I have taken in since coming to Chenki is now on the 200th mark,



with no sign of a strike being called. If there was a name contest I think 'Mary' would take the prize. I have eighteen Marys. To keep my accounts straight

I have to give each a number, and even then queer mix ups will happen. Some people have the idea that only girls are abandoned in China. This is not true, at least in Chenki. One-third of the infants left at my door are boys. However, I understand the reason why the boys are abandoned is on account of the terrible conditions caused by the famine. Girls and women in China are looked upon as inferior beings, hence the harsh treatment they continually receive. There is no woman suffrage here. Women and girls are bought and sold at pleasure, and dare not complain. I am continually having my Christians coming and complaining to me that a wife or daughter has been stolen or sold. While it is unlawful to steal a woman, yet it is not contrary to the law

to sell a wife or daughter. Thank God the teaching of Holy Mother Church on this important subject is beginning to bear fruit.

Of course you want to hear something of my school. First of all, don't get the impression that I have a school. I have about twenty boy pupils, but no school-house. We hold classes wherever we find a dry spot, and that on a rainy day is generally a job. Ordinarily I have class with the boys for two hours every morning in the place that serves them as dormitory and dining-room. I might mention in passing that the pupils have only two meals a day. At 9 a. m. and at 4 p. m. On account of our poverty and the famine it cannot be otherwise. To get back to the school. It is what we call a Catechumen School, where Pagans come to study catechism and prayers before being baptised. During the whole time of this instruction, the pupils live and are fed by the Mission. To describe what a Chinese school is like is impossible. Try to imagine twenty men and boys in a room, all repeating aloud their prayers and catechism. They do this not in unison, but each one at a different part of the book, and each with a different tone and pitch. No one is the least disturbed by his next companion. And when I call them for class, you should see the fun. As each one gets up to recite his catechism the first thing he does is to

turn his back to me. Then he will recite from memory word for word twenty or thirty pages of the catechism. The Chinese method is for the pupil to ask the question and then give the answer. To do this perfectly is quite a task, yet there is hardly ever a lapse. While this method is good as a memory trainer, it is otherwise defective because there is no brain work. I have found men here who could recite their catechism from end to end without a stop. Yet when I would ask them the simplest question using other words than those of the catechism, I found them at a loss for an answer. I have introduced the American method. I ask the question, and the pupil must give the answer, and then explain it in his own words. To make practical Catholics of the Chinese we must use this latter method. Hourly these Catholics are meeting Pagans who do not hesitate to put questions concerning the "Tien-chu tong" (Catholic Church).

The whole day is not spent in studying. There is a horarium for study, class, recreation, prayer, rest. Until my coming the recreations did not amount to anything simply because the boys knew no games. I have taught them to play "quen-cho" (baseball) and maybe they don't enjoy it. Another game they are fond of playing is what the American boys call "Paby in the hat." We call it

THE † SIGN

"Wa-wa-tsai-mou-dza."

On my feast day we had a great celebration. After my Mass that morning all the Christians came to wish me a Happy Feast. After giving each a holy card and some Chinese sweets, I called a holiday. After dinner I hired a boat for the afternoon. After riding down the river for a few miles we landed at the foot of a large mountain on the side of which was a Chinese Temple. We had great fun in climbing the mountain, and reached the temple during services.

In the interior of this temple were four immense idols on either side. Directly in front were two small gods. And at the entrance was another god on a fancy table. What drew our attention more than all else was the services that were going on. The Bonze was dressed in a beautifully designed, embroidered silk flowing vestment. On his head was a sort of square mitre with two black streamers hanging down his back. In his right hand he held a curved piece of polished wood as a scepter. The bonze was kneeling before the two small idols in the center of the room, singing his prayers with the greatest fervor and emphasis. He had several assistants who were lighting candles and placing incense before the idols. Then there was the orchestra, which consisted of a drum, a few bells, a fife, and a pair of cymbals. At every few words, one or other of these instruments would get a whack. While this was going on there was a man prostrate before the idols with a square parcel tied to his back. These were the sins of his ancestors, which he was having expiated. Toward the end of the service the bonze arose and bowing profoundly before each large idol, poured out on the floor a small cup of tea. When this was finished he turned to the entrance to offer the final ceremonies to the god on the table. After this the parcel was removed from the back of the prostrate man and burned. Then several packs of shooting-crackers were set off and the service was over.

I then invited the bonze to pose

for a picture. He said he wanted to get a little refreshment first, as

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he had just finished a three hour service. So I waited, and waited, but still he would not come out to have his picture taken. After waiting for nearly an hour I saw him put on the fancy vestment again, but instead of posing for a picture he started another service. I was disappointed, for I wanted his picture for THE SIGN, because it is considered a most rare thing to get the picture of a bonze in his temple robes. I was determined to get his picture, and I did get in several poses, in the midst of his prayers.

Once I had a few snap-shots I did not wait for the services to be over, fearing it would be another three hours.

After leaving the temple we continued on over the side of the mountain till we came to a level spot. We then had a game of ball and some races. What caused the greatest fun was the three legged races. The sports were followed by a lunch of Chinese cookies and candy. While we were eating the lunch two little fellows came along. I had missed them but did not know where they went to. To my question they replied by opening a large umbrella and handed me an old Chinese idol they had stolen from a small shrine on the mountain side. It was getting late and I had not time to make their return the image, so to avoid suspicion of having it found in the place, we wrapped it in newspapers and took it home. It was indeed a happy and tired crowd of boys that came back to the mission that night. All said it was the happiest day they ever had, and one little lad came to me and asked how many times a year the feast of St. Raphael came.

The lot of a missionary here, though there are trials and difficulties, is a very happy one. To be able to do so much good for God and the salvation of souls is indeed a wonderful consolation. The only thing liable to sorrow the heart of the missionary is the fact that there is so much to be done and he can do so little. Yes, I am happy, most happy and contented here, nor would I change places with the greatest king. What is more precious than immortal

THE † SIGN

souls, and I am ruler over these souls for whom Jesus suffered and died. Again I ask the prayers of the Readers of THE SIGN. We in turn, myself and my Chinese people, will pray for them.

As ever in the Heart of Jesus,
FR. RAPHAEL, C. P.

In and About Supu



We are in receipt of a communication from Father Flavian Mullins, in which he gives us some facts about his missions. He has large

plans for the establishment and development of a mission centre. Let his personal friends and the friends of the missions at large should not know it he tells us that all such means for conveying money in America are also used in China.

"Here are a few facts about my mission. Supu is at the extreme eastern end of the territory assigned to the American Passionists. It borders on the territory of the Italian Franciscan Fathers. The population of my district is 600,000. Of these about 300 are Christians. There is good work and plenty of it to be done among the 599,700 Pagans.

In Supu proper we have a fairly decent church to which is attached a small residence. But in all of my out-missions except one there is no fitting place for offering the Holy Mass. The exception is Hua Chiao where, through the generosity of a kind and generous friend, I have bought land and built a very beautiful chapel in honor of the Sacred Heart.

At Chioa Kiang I am trying to put up a combination building of church and house. This will be dedicated to the Immaculate Conception. The site cost me \$1,000, given me by a friend of the mis-

sions. A similar amount will be needed for the building. Incidentally you should know that all checks, liberty bonds and money-orders are good in Supu.

The reason why I am particularly anxious to build here is that Chioa Kiang is a natural geographic centre for future missions. We can make it a mission-centre for a large part of our district.

In spite of many handicaps and much discouragement, my hopes are high for the great things to be accomplished here. The more I know the Chinese the more I like them and the more am I convinced that they are worth working for. Personal visits and tea-drinking give one the opportunity of getting to know the people.

To take a walk to anyone of my missions means a few miles of tea-drinking. Tea is the first requisite of polite society here. It is served immediately on your entrance into the house. When there is only one cup in the house, you get that and

your host drinks from the spout of the tea-kettle.

Sometimes I have hardly left my house when I see a man's head thrust out of a window and I hear: "Sinn Fu, Sinn Ful please come in and drink some teal" The host meets me at the door. He bows low, and then escorts me to the



Boy or Girl? Guess again! Thousands like him (or her) in Hunan, China.

The small sum of \$5.00 will feed a poor Chinese baby for one month! "As long as you did it to the least of my brethren you did it unto Me."

A pious remembrance is requested in the prayers and good works of the readers of THE SIGN in behalf of the following, recently deceased:

Sister Mary of St. Rose (Lynch)
Mary C. Jessee
Mary Gilroy
Mrs. Margaret Meagher
Charles W. Gessner
Miss Mary Alice Brett
Miss Helen Marie Brickley
Mary A. Kelly
Mrs. Ellen Fullerton
John J. Keenan
Joseph Walters
Mary Perkins
John Fleming
Anna Singleton
Arthur W. Moore
John Lenahan
Miss C. Donnelly
Sister Agnes Jerome
Miss Cecilia Mains
James C. Mullen
Robert Carey

"Have pity on me! Have pity on me, at least you my friends!"

May their souls and the souls of all the Faithful Departed rest in peace. Amen.

table, where I sit on his left side, that being the place of honor. Then his wife (or his wives, if he is rich), bring on the tea and some sweetmeats. If this is my first visit, I don't drink the tea until I'm ready to leave. To drink it immediately is very impolite, as that means one wishes to leave at once. When the visit is about finished I take a few quick swallows, smack my lips loudly (this is to indicate how good the tea is) and off I go.

Another essential part of a social visit is the water-pipe. It is a contraption in which the smoke passes through water before reaching the mouth. It cools the smoke and is very agreeable. All the guests smoke, but unfortunately there is only one pipe. I get away from the common pipe by smoking my own—when I'm lucky enough to have my own."

Index to Worthwhile Reading

Life of Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore. Allen Sinclair Will, M.A., Litt.D., L.L.D. E. P. Dutton & Co. New York. Two vols. Price, \$10.00.

In the year 1909, when he was 75, Cardinal Gibbons authorized his friend, Dr. Will, to write his biography. Subsequently, during a long period of time, he granted him frequent interviews in which he told him his life-story, from the years of his earliest recollections onward. These conversations were supplemented by collections of other pertinent data, gathered from every available source. The Cardinal's private journal, which he had kept since 1868, was handed over to Dr. Will, and full access was given him to the archives of the Archdiocese of Baltimore, which contains the official records of the Cardinal's administration, as well as many private letters. Add to this the fact that Dr. Will is a man of broad and enlightened intellectual culture and a distinguished literateur; a man who combines sober, sound judgment with charming literary graces and it is natural to expect that his biography should be worthy of the greatest American prelate of his time. It is.

Dr. Will rightly interprets Cardinal Gibbons—a providential man, the second Father of the Catholic Church in the United States, even as Lincoln was the second Father of the Republic; a man sent by God to continue the work of the great Carroll, and to erect a solid superstructure upon the stable foundations established by America's first, sturdy Archbishop.

After touching briefly on the early, formative years of James Gibbons during which the hand of God is plainly visible, fashioning his soul for his future work; after acquainting us with the industri-

ous, upright young man; the fervent, studious seminarian; the exemplary priest; and the brave, hard-working missionary bishop; the author launches into the discussion of the mature man and his life-work—the man that will live long in the memory of American Catholics—James Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore.

Against the background of American eighteenth century history, Dr. Will paints the figure of Gibbons, laboring indefatigably to make every Catholic in the land a true American, and, if possible, every American a true Catholic; to dispel all prejudice regarding "foreign interference"; and in a word, to make the Church all things to all men.

The author does not fail to depict the characteristic traits of the great churchman, nor his unique method of "laboring". He delineates well the Cardinal's breadth of vision, his far-seeing eye, his keen, analytic mind that judged a problem from every angle; his kindly sympathetic heart, and he refers again and again to his peculiar gift—adroitness, a sort of angelic finesse, which enabled him to adjust amicably the many complicating issues that arose within the Church itself, or in its relations to the State, during his long administration, and which made him at length a world figure. We most heartily commend the books to our readers.

The Life of Cornelia Connelly; Foundress of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. By a Member of the Society. Longmans, Green & Co.; New York. Price \$5.00.

This is the life-story, exceptionally well told, of a heroic soul who, according to her own testimony was habitually disposed, even as a young girl, to give to God her "very

best". Such souls receive from God, in return, the "very best" gifts of His Love, crosses of all kinds, bringing with them present poignant pain, yet freighted with exceeding weight of everlasting glory. Thus was Cornelia Connelly treated.

A happy wife and mother, rejoicing in the possession of the true faith to which herself and husband had been converted, and deeply devoted to her family; all this Mrs. Connelly was requested to give up, by her consort, whose desire to become a priest necessitated her entrance into Religion, separation from him and from her children. Though her heart bled at the mere thought of the sacrifice entailed, yet, believing it to be God's will, she made it, uncomplainingly, and from that time her life-motto became, "God Alone!"

Gradually the life-work of Cornelia Connelly was revealed to her, and once fully known, there was no faltering. With an indomitable will she set about her Heavenly Father's business—the foundation of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus—and she never ceased praying, laboring, and suffering until that work was accomplished. While endeavoring to establish her Society on the solid foundation of a Rule approved by the Holy See, Mother Connelly was guided by God, not carried in His Arms, along a dark, desolate path, strewn with thorns. Her husband apostasized; her children were perverted by him, and taken far away from her; and she was involved in endless business bickerings with people who would not and could not understand. Churchmen in high and low places misunderstood her magnificent abilities and her unselfish aims, and thwarted her, frequently even going so far as to compare her Society to a sinking ship into which no postulant could safely enter.

This is decidedly a book for everybody. It will prove as interesting to lay readers as to members of religious communities.



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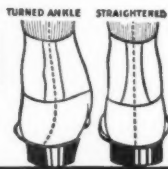
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STATEMENT OF CONDITION OF

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Cor. Summit Avenue and Demott Street
AT TRANSFER STATION
WEST HOBOKEN, N. J.

At Close of Business, December 31, 1921

RESOURCES

Stocks and Bonds - - -	\$1,692,229.39
Mortgages - - -	703,170.53
Loans (Demand and Time) - - -	262,550.00
Bills Purchased - - -	883,497.23
Banking House - - -	85,241.22
Cash on Hand - - -	73,519.26
Furniture and Fixtures - - -	1.00
Due from Banks - - -	103,772.51
Other Assets - - -	24,764.80

\$3,828,745.94

LIABILITIES

Capital - - -	\$100,000.00
Surplus and Profits - - -	255,413.64
Deposits - - -	3,473,332.30

\$3,828,745.94

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Paid on Special Accounts

BUSINESS FIRMS and
INDIVIDUAL ACCOUNTS
CORDIALLY INVITED

All business entrusted to us will
receive prompt and accurate
attention

OFFICE HOURS:
Daily from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.
Saturdays, 9 A. M. to 12 M.
Monday evenings, 6 P. M. to
8:30 P. M.

CORRESPONDENCE
SOLICITED

